

THE BIRTHDAY DRAWING ROOM.

To the *Editor of the Times*:

SIR:—You inserted, after the last levee, one or two letters, expressive of the sufferings to which the male victims of loyalty were exposed upon that occasion. I trust that you have sufficient gallantry and humanity in your disposition not to refuse a place to a similar cry of distress from a lady, who has endured still more cruel disappointment and disasters in her endeavors to display her devotion to her beloved Sovereign at the Drawing Room, for which object I came up on purpose from my place in the country. In order to make you more fully appreciate my feelings under the scene which I shall describe, I must first give you a brief sketch of those with which I first approached the building which bears the well-sounding and storied name of St. James' Palace. My ideas of a Court,—taken, I must confess, rather from books and description, than from experience—were rather imaginative. I had in my head a kind of gorgeous Paul Veronese picture of magnificently dressed persons, moving with measured step, a stately demeanor, and a courteous and dignified decorum through lofty halls, occasionally pausing with a pleased but somewhat solemn aspect, to hold short and interesting conversations in picturesque groups, admiring the splendors of the place, and commenting upon the beautiful objects collected there, till at last, on arriving, gradually and at leisure, in the presence of their Sovereign, they found her on a slightly raised dais, with her princely Consort, immediately surrounded by the Princess and Princesses of her family and connections, supported on each side, in a gradually descending series from the steps of her throne, by all her great Ministers and officers and ladies of State, briefly conversing with those who presented themselves in the somewhat formal circle, who, slowly passing by, after brief words of courtesy from such of the illustrious group as chose so to distinguish them, dispersed themselves through apartments replete with every elegance and comfort, to converse together, admire one another's dresses, and otherwise amuse themselves, till it suited them to call for their carriages, and go home. My only apprehension was, lest a somewhat awful formality and ceremonious reception might be rather alarming to one unaccustomed to solemn pageants and Royal conversation. Of most of these illusions my mind was speedily divested. Upon first leaving my carriage, I was surprised to find myself, instead of entering the spacious hall which I had anticipated, ushered, by a smallish kind of backdoor, into a long, narrow

passage, with a low ceiling, and at the end of a closely-packed and murmuring assemblage of persons, apparently well dressed, no doubt, and with plenty of pretty faces and highly-decorated heads, but so jammed together, so hot (yet liable to rheumatic draughts of air), so fearful of their neighbors, with such an expression of almost ludicrous anxiety upon their countenances as to what might befall the next, that it was evident they had already entered upon a career of considerable difficulty and danger. As there is a clock against the wall at the further end of this first division of narrow passages, and as I am rather taller than some of my fellow-sufferers, I was able to perceive that it took about three-quarters of an hour of short, fitful, pushing movement, to arrive at the said end—when a turn round a sharp corner, where several little skirmishing casualties occurred, brought up the tightly-wedged column in another shorter fragment of the passage, whence another abrupt and still more perilous corner brought us to the foot of the stairs, which we had to surmount. Even by this time, I had a considerable foretaste of pain and danger, from the sword hilts, spurs, and rough clothes of the gentlemen, trappings upon my feet, etc., but endured quite as much, I am bound to say, from the elbows, wriggings, and recklessness resolution to be first of my own sex. At this point several of the weaker candidates after various attempts to get their smelling-bottles to their noses, and vain appeals for a consideration which there were no means of showing, gave in, and slipping out at the side, or where they could, appeared in full retreat, a proceeding which, by the by, materially enhanced the grievances of the advancing column. The same "pains and penalties" continued, of course in an augmented proportion all the way up stairs. A succession of jamming, crushes, and lateral pressures, at guarded doors, and across halberds, through which masses of the "company" are driven pell-mell, a score or two at a time (as they do sheep in and out of a fold, when about to shear them), bore us at length triumphantly, though with diminished strength and clothes, into the narrow, roped-off avenue, significantly termed "the Pen." By the time this goal was reached considerable losses had been sustained in equipments; and few continued to wear that fresh, smart, serene appearance with which they had smilingly left their homes. Here, however, as only a certain number are admitted at a time—and as it is the proximate approach to the Royal presence—a comparative calm prevails; it being absolutely necessary to readjust one's costume and compose one's nerve's so as to pass

at least decently before the Royal line, which, to my dismay, I found, instead of forming the grand spectacle I had anticipated, stationed immediately after the last door, with a very confined passage between lords and grooms in waiting left in front for the approach of the visitors. I had been thinking how I should best compose my attitude while detained in the presence of Majesty; but small leisure was now left for such solicitudes. "Pass on, Madam: pass on"—in a low solemn voice, not the less impressive for being delivered in the suppressed tone of half-articulate awe befitting the place and occasion—were the only words which fell on my ear as I was hurried past. I had been known to some of the Royal persons, foreigners and others, who were standing there, and they graciously began some sentences to me; but the inexorable "Pass on, Madam; pass on," again impelled me forward, and I was hastened beyond the power of hearing before they had concluded them. The same stream continued through the gallery beyond as had arrived by the staircase, but undoubtedly with less pressure, until we once more found ourselves in the narrow passage by which we had entered, for, among other ingenious contrivances to produce difficulty and inconvenience is this, that the route of exit and entrance is the same, and here, accordingly, ensues a scene which baffles description—people dying to make their escape after hours of fatigue and exhaustion, instead of being dispersed in a large enclosed space, with plenty of sofas and seats of all kinds, jammed up at one end of the same long passage while their carriage is being announced at the other; with only one means of egress; pressing and crushing through the throng in a despairing agony at being forcibly detained in a place worthy the pen and pencil of Dante. For myself, I finally arrived at home almost with shame and humiliation at the mode in which I had passed the last four hours, and entirely disabused of all the ideas I had formed of the beauty, dignity, and courtesy of a Court. Sir, this scene is, I assure you, understated. What may be the fit remedy for this state of things I leave to be determined by wiser heads than that placed (and, wonderful to say, still remaining) upon the shoulders of the sensitive and crushed.

VERBENA.

THE ORDER OF THE HOT AIR BATH.
TO THE LORD CHAMBERLAIN.

WHAT noble lord or lady being heir,
Or heiress, both of property and brains,
Would barter for St. James' heated air
The vernal breezes of their own domains?

Aristocratic noses are allowed

The finest in this world of ours to be.
Can they prefer a close, though courtly, crowd
To clover-bloom, and Zephyr breathing free?

The fair VERBENA, beautifully drest.

Some hours was hustled in a crowd like that
At the last Drawing Room, and so compressed,
She passed before her SOVEREIGN nearly flat.

Her dress, of satin, silk, and *moire antique*,
And *tulle*, was rumpled, crumpled, rent and torn.
And she looked quite a figure, so to speak,
Of feathers, wreaths, festoons, and flounces
shorn.

Through a long passage, striving, steaming, soaked,

To fight by tedious inches it was hers,
Now by ill-managed rapiers being poked,
Now being scratched by clumsily worn spurs.

She blessed Court trains, of splendid matrons well
Devised excessive ancles to conceal;
Of those "potatoes" who refuse to tell
Dug out of silken hose by rowelled heel.

POLONIUS! thou that, with thy white and long
Stick, dost o'er courtly sacred rites preside,
Canst thou do nought to thin this reeking throng,
Wherein BRITANNIA'S noblest fat is fried?

Go, now to FARADAY; bid him declare
If limewater will be made chalky less,
By the carbonic acid in the air,
Exhaled by Beauty and High-Mightiness.

And in a narrow space if, cheek by jowl,
You pen folks up, the same result there comes
Not equally in hot Calcutta's hole,
St. James' Palace, or St. Giles' slums!
Punch, June 2.

JUVENILE CRIME IN LIVERPOOL.—In the year 1854 the criminal statistics of Liverpool showed that 1035 children were committed for felony; the value of property known to be stolen by these juvenile offenders was computed at 8540*l.*, of which 1367*l.* only was ever recovered. The average number of commitments was 1000 per annum; of these 28 per cent, *only* could neither read nor write—a fearful state of things to contemplate, that nearly three-fourths of these children had received some sort of education. Upon the questions of punishment of the crime and reformation of the offender, a great diversity of opinion prevails, the subject being beset with difficulties. The problem of criminal reformation has yet to be solved.

THE NEWSPAPER POSTAL SERVICE.—The number of newspapers which passed through the London office alone in 1854 exceeded 53, 000,000, being an increase of about 12 1-2 per cent. on the number in 1853. The average weight of a newspaper is about three ounces and a half. No record is kept of the whole number of newspapers circulated by the post. The number of book packets which passed through the London office last year was about 375,000, the average weight being ten ounces.—*First Report on the Post Office.*

From Blackwood's Magazine.

1. *Discorsi di Luigi Cornaro, intorno della Vita Sobria*, 1550 to 1572.
2. *L'Arte de Godere Sanita Perfetta* de LEO-NARDO LESSIO. 1563.
3. *De la Longevité Humaine et de la Quantité de vie sur la Globe*. Par F. FLOURENS, Membre de l'Academie Francaise, etc., etc., Paris, 1855.

THERE are two things we chiefly wish for while we remain in this world—health, to make life enjoyable; and length of days, to make it lasting. To obtain both depends mainly upon ourselves.

We do not simply die, we usually kill ourselves. Our habits, our passions, our anxieties of body and mind—these shorten our lives, and prevent us from reaching the natural limit of human existence.

The key to health and long life is sobriety of living. It is the fashion of the present day to restrict the term sobriety to moderation in the use of intoxicating liquors. Misery and crime and death we trace readily to the neglect of this species of sobriety. We do not hesitate to say of a drunkard that he has killed himself, but we rarely speak of over-eating as a serious or frequent shortening of life. Yet the food they eat causes to mankind at large more sleepless nights, more unhappy days, and more shortening of life, than all the liquors they consume. "Oh! miserable and unhappy Italy," wrote Cornaro, three centuries ago, "dost thou not see that gluttony is killing every year more people than would perish in a season of most severe pestilence, or by the fire and sword of many battles?"

A sober life implies moderation in all things. "It consists," says Cornaro, "in moderate eating, in moderate drinking, and in a moderate enjoyment of all the pleasures of life. In keeping the mind moderately but constantly employed, in cultivating the affections moderately, in avoiding extremes of heat and cold, and in shunning excessive excitement either of body or of mind."

And so Lessius, a follower and amplifier of the views of Cornaro, writes also in his *Art of Enjoying Perfect Health*. "By a sober life," he says, "I understand a moderate use of meat, and drink, such as accords with the temperament and actual dispositions of the body, and with the functions of the mind. A sober life is a life of order, of rule, and of temperance." Then as the moderate use he speaks of implies the consumption of meat and drink, both in just measure and of proper kinds, he adds to his definition of a sober life, the following seven rules for actually living such a life:—

1. Not to eat so much as will unfit the mind for its usual exertions.

2. Or so much as will make the body heavy and torpid.

3. Not to pass hastily from one extreme of living to another, but to change slowly and cautiously.

4. To eat plain and wholesome food.

5. To avoid too great variety, and the use of curious made dishes.

6. To proportion the quantity of food to the temperament, the age, and the strength of the eater, and to the kind of food he uses.

7. Not to allow the appetite for food and drink to regulate the quantity we take, as this sensual desire is really the cause of the whole difficulty.

By these rules a sober life is to be led, and a perfect condition of health maintained. And the life thus led, though nominally a life of restraint and privation, yet carries with it many pleasurable comforts. "A sober life," says Lessius, "gives vigor to the senses, mitigates the passions, preserves the memory, strengthens the mind, protects from the evils of intemperance, makes both body and mind more free in their operations, and prolongs the period of our existence."

But Cornaro has more fully sounded the praises of what he calls—"That divine sobriety which is grateful to God, friendly to nature, the daughter of reason, the sister of virtue, the companion of temperate living—modest, gentle, content with little, guided by rule and line in all its operations."

"From this sobriety," he says, "as from a root, spring life, health, cheerfulness, bodily industry, mental labor, and all those actions which are worthy of a well-formed and well-disciplined mind. Laws, divine and human, favor it. From it, like clouds from the sun, fly repletions, indigestions, gluttonies, superfluities, humors, distempers, fevers, griefs, and the perils of death. Its beauty allures every noble heart, its safety promises to all an agreeable and lasting preservation. Its happiness invites every one, with little disturbance, to the acquisition of its victories. And, finally, it promises to be a grateful and benignant guardian of life to both poor and rich, to male and female, to young and old; teaching to the rich, moderation—to the poor, economy—to man self-restraint, and to woman modesty: providing the old with a defence from death; and for the young, placing the hope of a long life on a foundation more firm and more secure."

And still, as if he could not come to an end of its praises, the eloquent old man—concluding this, his first Discourse, at the age of eighty-three—begins anew in warmer words. "Sobriety purifies the senses, lightens the body, gives vivacity to the intellect, cheerfulness to the mind, strength to the memory, quickness to the movements, readiness and decision to the actions. By it the soul, relieved, as it were, from its terrestrial load, enjoys a large part of its natu-

* *L'Arte de Godere Sanita Perfetta*, 1563.

ral liberty; the spirits (in the language of the times) move pleasantly through the arteries, the blood runs through the veins, a temperate and agreeable warmth produces agreeable and temperate efforts; and, finally, all our powers, with a most beautiful order, preserve a joyous and grateful harmony. O most holy and innocent sobriety," he concludes, "the only cooler of nature, gracious mother of human life, true medicine of mind and body—how ought men to praise thee, and to thank thee for thy courteous gifts!"*

For all these eulogies of Cornaro there is an undoubted substratum of truth and fact; and we are safe in conceding that, from the sober life of Lessius and Cornaro, two main blessings are likely to flow—health, with its attendant comforts, and long life, with its continued enjoyments. Let us leave the former for the present, since health is a blessing which all have experienced more or less, and all can judge of and value. But we may usefully consider the old age to which this life is to lead us.

Now, in regard to this old age there are three things we naturally ask—

First, At what time of life does old age naturally begin, and how long does it naturally last?

Second, Is this old age really worth having? Is it worth living for? Will it repay us for the self-restraint and self-denial which are necessary to attain it? And

Third, Should we really reach and value it, how is it to be best nursed and upheld?

FIRST. The first of these is the most difficult to answer. Up to the present time we have only been able to hazard guesses, both as to when old age begins, and when life naturally ends. What David puts into the mouth of Moses we still generally receive as a fair expression of the truth regarding the length of human life: "The days of our years are threescore years and ten; and if by reason of strength they be fourscore years, yet is their strength, labor and sorrow, for it is soon cut off, and we fly away."[†] And fixing the limit of life at seventy or eighty, we of course reckon old age to begin a great many years earlier.

But physiological anatomy has recently come to our aid, and professes now to give us definite and precise views, in regard both to when old age begins, and when the complete life of man naturally ends.

The life of the body naturally divides itself into two parts. During the first, the body increases in size and development; in the second, it decreases or becomes less. The first half includes the two stages of infancy and youth—the second half, those of manhood and decay. These are the four periods or epochs of human life which are generally received and spoken of.

And we divide each again into an earlier and later period of uncertain duration. We talk of later infancy, of early youth, of full manhood, of declining old age, without attaching any fixed or definite ideas to these expressions.

"I propose, however," says M. Flourens, in a book which has recently awakened the attention of all Paris—"I propose the following natural divisions and natural durations for the whole life of man:—

"The first ten years of life are infancy, properly so called; the second ten is the period of boyhood; from twenty to thirty is the first youth; from thirty to forty the second. The first manhood is from forty to fifty-five; the second from fifty-five to seventy. This period of manhood is the age of strength, the *manly* period of human life. From seventy to eighty-five is the first period of old age, and at eighty-five the second old age begins." These periods all shade insensibly into each other, so that, in an actual life, we can hardly tell where the one ends and the other begins. They vary in length, also, in different individuals, and most men now-a-days become old and die while they ought still to have been in the period of early manhood.

The limits thus assigned by Flourens to the several periods of life are not wholly arbitrary, like those we generally talk of; on the contrary, a more or less sound physiological reason is assigned for each. Infancy proper ceases at ten years, because then the second teething is completed—boyhood at twenty, because then the bones cease to increase in length—and youth extends to forty, because about that time the body ceases to increase in size. Enlargement of bulk after that period consists chiefly in the accumulation of fat. The real development of the parts of the body has already ceased. Instead of increasing the strength and activity, this latter growth weakens the body and retards its motions. Then, when growth has ceased, the body rests, rallies, and becomes invigorated. Like a fortress, with all its works complete, its garrison in full numbers, and threatened with an early siege, it repairs, arranges, disposes everything within itself. The new stores it daily receives are employed in fully equipping, in strengthening, in rebuilding and in maintaining every part in the greatest perfection and efficiency. This period of internal invigoration lasts fifteen years, (that of the first manhood,) and it maintains itself for ten or fifteen years more, when old age begins.

And what marks the beginning of old age? In youth and manhood we perform a usual daily amount of physical and mental labor; but we are able to do more. Let an emergency arise, and we find within us a *reserve* of strength which enables us to accomplish far heavier labors; we double or triple our exertions, we accomplish the unusual work, and after a little rest we are as strong and hale as ever. Old age has come

* CORNARO, DISCORSO PRIMO.

† Psalm xc., verses 10—(a song of Moses.)

on when we can no longer do this, when the natural strength is barely sufficient for the daily work, when anything unusual fatigues, and extraordinary efforts sensibly injure the health. When the reserve of strength is exhausted, the age of decline has fairly begun. It is by drawing upon this natural store of reserved strength through excess in living, faster than it can be naturally repaired, that manhood is shortened, and old age so often prematurely entered.

And, besides, old age is distinguished by this, that it brings with it a general weakening of the whole body. It is not the lungs, or the heart, or the nerves, or the muscles that lose their tone, and become incapable of unusual or prolonged exertion. Local disease may weaken one organ, while all the others remain sound and vigorous as ever. But old age impairs all alike. Each, so to speak, has consumed its treasured stores of surplus strength, and living as it were from hand to mouth, is barely able to accomplish the daily task which the bodily movements impose upon it.

Yet old age does make itself felt more, in every individual, upon some one organ than upon all the others. There is a weak member in every man's body. All parts are not alike strong and healthy in any of us. On this weak member old age tells most sensibly; and hence in one man the decline of strength first distinctly manifests itself upon the lungs, in another upon the stomach, and in a third upon the heart. And as the excessive weakening of any one organ influences, hampers, we may say, and obstructs, all the rest, it may happen that this weakness, original or acquired, of one important organ, may suddenly arrest life altogether when the age of decline arrives. As a penalty for the excessive use which has impaired that organ, old age may be barely reached before the whole machinery of life spontaneously stops, and is arrested at once.

Such are the periods into which M. Flourens divides the natural life of man, and such the physiological reasons assigned for the duration he ascribes to each. His second period of old age begins at eighty-five, and thus the complete natural life of man, according to his view, can scarcely fall short of a century. But that the natural normal life of man ought to carry him on to his hundredth year, is a somewhat startling assertion. We naturally ask, therefore, for further proof upon this special point.

What says experience, for example, to this alleged long life as natural to man?

"The man," says Buffon, "who does not die of accidental diseases, lives everywhere to ninety or a hundred years." This is the answer of experience—experience from the mouth of an eminent naturalist.

"When we reflect," he adds, "that the European, the Negro, the Chinese, the American, the civilized and the savage, rich and poor, citizen

and peasant—otherwise differing so much from each other—are yet all alike in this, that the same measure, the same interval of time, separates their birth from their death—that difference in race, in climate, in food, in comforts makes no difference in this common interval, we must acknowledge that the length of life depends neither upon habits manners, nor quality of food; that nothing can change the laws of the mechanism by which the number of our years is regulated."

"All this is true. The length of life depends on the essential constitution of our internal organs.

That comparatively few men reach ninety or a hundred years is also true, says experience, but that is because of the interference of *disturbing* causes. Most men die of disease; only a small number die of old age. In our artificial life, the moral is more frequently sick than the physical man. In a calmer moral atmosphere, entire lives would be more frequently spent. "Almost all," says Buffon, "spend their lives in fear and contention, and most men (most Frenchmen, of course he means) die of chagrin." Among savage tribes it is the same. Few die a natural death. All die by accidents, by hunger, by wounds, by the poison of serpents, by epidemic diseases, etc. That few really reach their hundredth year, therefore, experience repeats, is no proof that such is not the natural term of human life.

Haller, professedly a physiologist, likewise investigated this question historically, or by the light of recorded experience. He collected together all the authenticated instances of long life. Of these, the two extreme cases are the Englishman, Thomas Parr, who died in the reign of Charles I. at the age of 152, and another less certain case of 169. His conclusion—not a very precise one—is, that *the utmost limit of human life is not within two hundred years (non citra alterum seculum!)* But though himself a physiologist, this deduction of Haller is only a historical one. It is based on no physiological data.

What, then does physiology say? Buffon not only investigated the subject historically, or by the light of experience, as we have seen, but he was the first also to study it physiologically. He writes as follows: "The total duration of life may be estimated to a certain degree by that of the durations of an animal's growth. . . . Man increases in height up to his sixteenth or eighteenth year, and yet the full development in size of all the parts of his body is not completed till the thirtieth year. The dog attains its full length in one year, and only in the second year completes its growth in bulk or size. Man, who takes thirty years to grow, lives ninety or a hundred years. The dog which grows only during two or three years, lives only ten or twelve; and it is the same with most other animals."

This passage contains the germ of an idea which he afterwards develops more clearly. "The duration of life in the horse," he says, "as in all other species of animals, is proportionate to the length of time during which it grows. Man, who takes fourteen years to grow, may live six or seven times as long; that is to ninety or a hundred years. The horse, which completes its growth in four years, may live six or seven times as long; that is to twenty or thirty years."

And again, "As the stag is five or six years in growing, it lives also seven times five or six; that is, to thirty-five or forty years."

So far, Buffon lays down the true physiological problem. The length of life is a multiple of the length of growth. His own deductions as to the true multiple were uncertain, because his data were so. He did not know accurately at what age the growth of man and other animals really ceased, or what was the true sign of such cessation. At this point M. Flourens takes the question up; and with more accurate anatomical and physiological data, he has arrived at what he believes, and what certainly appears, more reliable results.

"I find," he says, "the true sign of the term of animal growth in the reunion of the bones to their epiphyses. So long as this union does not take place, the animal grows. As soon as the bones are united to their epiphyses, the animal ceases to grow."

In man this reunion takes place at the age of twenty years, and he lives to ninety or a hundred. The following table contains the other data given by M. Flourens:—

Man grows for 20 years, and lives	90 or 100
The camel,	8 . . . 40
The horse,	6 . . . 25
The ox,	4 . . . 15 to 20
The lion,	4 . . . 20
The dog,	2 . . . 10 to 12
The cat,	11-2 . . . 9 or 10
The hare	1 . . . 8
The guinea-pig, 7 months,	6 or 7

By these data the result of Buffon is corrected. All the larger animals *live about five times longer than they grow*, instead of six or seven times, as inferred by Buffon. This by a physiological analogy, the ordinary natural life of a man is fixed at a hundred years. He grows twenty, and five twenties make up the hundred. If some few men live beyond the hundred years, it may be that their natural growth was also unusually prolonged. Or some extraordinary prudence in living, or uncommon constitutional strength, may have secured for these rare individuals their extraordinary length of life.

But, having arrived at a degree of comparative certainty in regard to the ordinary or natural length of human life, we turn with renewed interest to these extraordinary lives. Can any general physiological relation or law be discover-

ed, by which the utmost possible or extreme limit of human life is determined—that limit beyond which man cannot *possibly* live? To this question physiology as yet returns no answer. It falls back in its turn upon historical experience, and even from that source gathers only presumptive evidence.

We have seen that, from a consideration of the extreme cases of long life to be found upon record, Haller had concluded that the extraordinary limit of life approached to two centuries. Buffon reached the same conclusion by a different progress. The ordinary life of a horse is twenty-five years; but there is a case on record of a horse of the Bishop of Metz which lived fifty years, or double the ordinary length of a horse's life. "The same should happen in other species, and therefore in the human species," says Buffon. Man, he concludes, *may* live to double the ordinary length of life.

In aid of this analogical argument of Buffon, M. Flourens brings further facts. The camel which has an ordinary life of forty or fifty years, has lived to a hundred. The lion, which lives commonly to twenty, may live to forty and even to sixty. Dogs have lived twenty, twenty-three and twenty-four years, and cats eighteen and twenty. From all these cases united, he concludes—in regard to mammiferous animals, to which our accurate knowledge is at present confined—"that it is a fact, a law—in other words the general experience in regard to that class—that *their extraordinary life may be prolonged to double the length of their ordinary life*; that is to say, the extreme possible limit of human life is measured by ten times the period of growth.

"A first century," he adds, "*of ordinary life*, and almost a second—a half century at least—*of extraordinary life*." Such is the perspective which science opens up to man. It is true that science offers this great *fund of life* to us, more in the possible than the actual—*plus in posse quam in actu*, to speak after the manner of the ancients; but were it offered to us in the actual, would the complaints of men cease? "Begin by telling me," said Micromegas, "how many senses the men of your globe have?"—"We have seventy-two," answers the inhabitant of Saturn; "and we complain every day of the smallness of the number." . . . "I don't doubt it," said Micromegas; "for on our globe we have nearly a thousand, and we are still tormented with vague desires."

SECOND. But an old age thus protracted—a life continued to the full period of one century only—are they worth struggling for, are they worth living for, are they worth having when they come? Solomon speaks of them as "evil days," as years in which a man shall say, "I have no pleasure in them." And he describes the infirmities of the period as "the day in which the keepers of the house shall tremble, and the strong men bow themselves, and the

grinders cease because they are few, and those that look out of the windows shall be darkened, and the doors shall be shut in the streets . . . and all the daughters of music shall be brought low . . . and fears shall be in the way, and the almond-tree shall flourish, and the grasshopper shall be a burden, and desire shall fail."

The frailties of extreme old age are truly pictured in the figurative language of Solomon. Physical strength declines as old age advances; this fact is unquestionable. But for this decline of strength, does old age bring with it no compensation? "The physical loses," says Cornaro, "that is certain." "The moral gains," says Cicero. "More than the physical loses," says Buffon. "A noble compensation," says Flourens. "It makes one wish to become old," says Montaigne. "And then how advantageous to live long," adds Cornaro; "for if one is a cardinal, he may become pope as he grows older; if he occupy a distinguished place in a republic, he may become its chief; if he be a learned man, or excel in any art, he may excel in it still more."

We might quote the praises which Cornaro lavishes on old age. But seeing him bear so joyously his many years, we almost identify him at ninety-five with old age in person, and feel as if he were only sounding the praises of the ancient Cornaro himself.

Cicero, on the other hand, wrote of old age when he was still too young. His praises read sweetly, and contain much truth; but it is the composition we admire, as much as the sentiment it embodies. We reflect that Cicero, in talking of old age, was still far from the period when he might speak of it from experience. He was only composing a theme which he had set himself as a task.

But at seventy years of age, Buffon, who regarded himself as still young, wrote—not of set purpose, but incidentally, and among his other writings—concerning old age. We listen as to the true and genuine homage of one who stands on the confines of both periods, and feels himself entitled to speak freely of each—when, in contrasting his own state with that of younger men around him, he says,—“Every day that I rise in good health, have I not the enjoyment of this day as immediately and fully as you have? If I conform my movements, my appetites, my desires, to the impulses of a wise nature alone, am I not as wise and more happy than you? And the view of the past, which awakens the regrets of old fools, offers to me, on the contrary, the enjoyments of memory, agreeable pictures, precious images, which are worth more than your objects of pleasure; for they are pleasant, these images, they are pure, they call up only amiable recollections. The inquietudes, the chagrins, all the troop of sadnesses which accompany your youthful enjoyments, disappear in the picture which represents them to me.

Regrets ought to disappear in like manner; they are only the last flashes of that foolish vanity which never grows old.

“Let us not forget another advantage, or at least a powerful compensation, which contributes to the happiness of old age. This is, that the moral gains more than the physical loses. In fact, the moral gains everything; and if something is lost by the physical, the compensation is complete. Some one asked the philosopher Fontenelle, when ninety-five years of age, which twenty years of his life he regretted the most? ‘I regret little,’ he replied; ‘and yet the happiest years of my life were those between the fifty-fifth and the seventy-fifth.’ He made this confession in good faith, and his experience arose out of these sensible and consoling truths. At fifty-five years a man’s fortune is established, his reputation made, consideration is obtained, the state of life fixed, pretensions given up or satisfied, projects overthrown or established, the passions for the most part calmed or cooled, the career nearly completed, as regards the labors which every man owes to society; there are fewer enemies, or rather fewer envious persons who are capable of injuring us, because the counterpoise of merit is acknowledged by the public voice.”

“The spirit increases in perfection,” says Cornaro, “as the body grows older.” It becomes fitted for new duties and exercises of mind; for the development of the human faculties is not simultaneous, it is successive. Those which rule at one period, become subordinate at another. “In youth,” says Flourens, “the attention is quick, lively, always on the alert, fixes itself on everything, but reflection is wanting. In manhood, attention and reflection are united, and this constitutes the strength of manhood. In old age, attention lessens, but reflection increases; it is the period in which the human heart bends back on itself, and knows itself best.”

“The old man,” says M. Reveille Parise, “smiles sometimes, he very rarely laughs. Goodness, that grace of old age, is often found under a grave and severe exterior, for the first comes from the heart, and the second from the physical being, which has become weak. Patience is the privilege of old age. A great advantage of a man who has lived long is, that he knows how to wait. In the old man, everything is submitted to reflection.”

Thus old age has its pleasures, it appears, and its compensations. It is by no means the unenjoyable period we are apt to fancy it. For its calm and reasonable pleasures, wise men praise it above the other periods of life. It is surely worth living for, therefore. It is even worth sacrificing the pleasures of youthful excess, if by so doing we can hope to reach and live through it. But if it begin only at seventy—the natural termination of manhood, according

to M. Flourens—how few ever do reach it! and of these, again, how few have left themselves in a condition to taste its peculiar enjoyments and compensations!

THIRD. But if old age be an enjoyable period of life—if it be really worth living to, and living for, it is worth caring for, when reached. It is to be reached, as we have seen, by living a sober life; it is to be reached in good health, by a reasonable obedience to the rules of Lessius. But when this green and worthy old age is attained, how is it to be nursed and specially upheld?

With a view to this special end, M. Reveille Parise has laid down four simple rules.

The **FIRST** is to *know how to be old*. There is very much in this rule. "Few people know how to be old," was one of the sayings of Rochefoucauld; and the philosophy of this knowledge is expressed by Voltaire in the couplet:

"Qui n'a pas l'esprit de son âge —
De son âge a tous les malheurs."

The **SECOND** rule is to *know oneself well*. Both of these precepts are more philosophical than medical, and yet both lie at the basis of a successful medical management, at the period when age and ill health are so likely to conjoin.

The **THIRD** rule is to make a *suitable adjustment of the daily life*. Good physical habits produce health, as good moral habits produce happiness. Old men who do every day the same thing, with the same moderation and the same relish, live forever! "One can scarcely believe," says Reveille Parise, "how far a little health, well treated, will carry us." And "the rule of the sage," says Cicero, "is to make use of what one has, and to act in everything according to one's strength."

And the **FOURTH** rule is, to *attack every malady at its beginning*. In youth, there is a reserve of force—a dormant life, as it were, behind the visible acting life. The first life being in danger, this second life comes to its aid—and thus youth rallies after much neglect or ill usage, and still lives on. But old age has no such reserve life. Every ailment of age, therefore, must be taken up quick and cut short, if the single, unsupported, easily enfeebled life is to be surely upheld.

By following these fundamental rules, and the practical precepts as to diet, exercise, temperature, etc., which M. Reveille Parise deduces from them, can we prolong life? No; we cannot, by any art, *prolong* life, in the sense of making it pass the limit prescribed by the constitution of man. But we shall be able to live an entire and complete life—extending our days as far as the laws of our *individual* constitution, combined with the more general laws which regulate the constitution of the *species*, will admit of.

The subject, as we have sketched it, seems—indeed, really is—complete in itself. And yet speculative questions rise up in connection with it, some of which awaken doubts as to the main conclusion at which we have arrived. Grant that human life may naturally extend to a hundred years, or even to a century and a half, then we naturally say to ourselves,—Were men really to live so long as this, and other animals in proportion, how thickly peopled the world would become! If births greatly exceed deaths now among civilized nations, living at a state of peace, how would it be were men to live usually to a hundred years, with health and vigor in proportion! This reflection did not escape the great Buffon—great in genius and in capacity for speculation, but limited, like the time in which he lived, and often erroneous, in his knowledge of facts. He met the objection it embodies, with a new and brilliant hypothesis.

"*The total quantity of life on the Globe,*" he says, "*is always the same.*" Death, which seems to destroy all, destroys nothing of that primitive life which is common to all the species of organized beings. . . . God, in creating the first individuals of each species of animal and vegetable, not only gave form to the dust of the earth, but rendered it living and animated by including in each individual a greater or smaller number of active principles, of living organic molecules, indestructible in their nature, and common to all organized beings. These molecules pass from body to body, and serve to maintain and continue the life, or to nourish and enlarge the body of every individual alike; and after the dissolution of the body, after its destruction, even its reduction to ashes, these organic molecules, upon which death has no power, still survive, pass into other beings, and bring to them nourishment and life. Every production, every renewal, every increase by generation, by nutrition, by development, supposes then a preceding destruction, a conversion of substance, a transport of these organic molecules which never multiply, but which, always existing in equal number, keep nature always equally alive, the earth equally peopled, and always equally resplendent with the first glory of Him who created it."

Who, after reading this passage, will deny to Buffon the praise both of genius and eloquence? No wonder he has charmed and captivated so many generations of admiring readers, and persuaded them to receive his poetical imaginings as the dogmas of true science.

The entire doctrine of Buffon, that the quantity of life on the globe is fixed, is a pure speculation. His organic molecules are a second still more ethereal imagination, devised to explain the possibility of the first. Except as a curious hypothetical notion, wherewithal to while away an idle hour, we would dismiss the first not only from our books, but from our

thoughts. It can scarcely, in any way, be connected with the positive knowledge of our time. The second speculation is only to be numbered with the vain fancies, antiquated though fine, which abound so much in the purely poetical physical philosophy of past centuries.

And yet there is a charm in this poetical philosophy which makes us regret, while we dismiss it. We cannot help admiring the speculators of the olden time, as men of finely-gifted minds. And we envy them those happy hours of creative inspiration, when, by their midnight lamps, or beneath the shade of academic groves, they built up poetical worlds, and by imaginative methods constructed and regulated all their wheels.

It is no doubt owing to feelings of this kind that the great views of Buffon, the substance of his eloquence, possess still the power to charm and influence M. Flourens. "I reject," he says, "the organic molecules of Buffon, as I do the Monads of Leibnitz. They are only philosophic expedients for removing difficulties which they do not remove. I study life in neither of these, but in living beings themselves; and from this study I learn two things—*first*, that the number of species has been continually diminishing ever since animals have existed upon the globe; and, *second*, that the number of individuals in certain species has been, on the contrary, continually increasing. The result of these contrary actions is, that, taking every thing into account, the total quantity of life—by which I understand the total number of living beings—remains in effect, as Buffon has said, very nearly the same."

Tamed down into plain English, the eloquent imaginings of Buffon, as interpreted and understood by M. Flourens, amount simply to this, that *the number of individual living beings existing at one time on the face of the earth has always been very nearly the same*. Out of a purely speculative assertion like this, what good can be extracted? Does it really throw any light upon palæontological history, or derive any confirmation from such chapters of this history as have yet been written? Does it enable us, in any degree, to understand better the Divine plan and procedure in the past, as it is recorded in the rocky strata—or in the present, as seen in the supposed progressive increase of the human race?

Nevertheless M. Flourens, in the book before us, sets formally to work to prove his two propositions.

"That species are always lessening in number," he says, "is evident from the fact that several species are known to have become extinct in comparatively recent times. The dodo has become extinct since the Portuguese first visited the Isle of France in 1545. The primitive types of nearly all our domestic animals—the ox, the horse, the camel, the dog—are all

extinct. Immediately before the historic period the mammoth and the mastodon disappeared, leaving the elephant as the sole existing gigantic quadruped. Before these, again, the megatherium, the dinotherium, and how many others!

"To take a special example. Not less than forty species of pachyderms are known to have lived on the soil of France, and of these the only one that now remains, is the wild boar; and of nearly a hundred species of ruminating animals, only the ox, the stag, and the roebuck. Finally, M. Agassiz reckons not less than twenty-five thousand species of fossil fishes all lost, while we know only five or six thousand living fishes—and of extinct shells forty thousand are reckoned in a fossil state."

These facts are admitted, but the conclusion which M. Flourens hastily draws from them, is not admissible.

Since life first appeared upon the earth, he says, species have always gone on diminishing. But of this assertion, the facts he has advanced, are no proof whatever. It is an undisputed fact in palæontology, that species, and even genera, have from time to time disappeared from the surface of the globe. But it is equally undisputed that new species and genera have from time to time made their appearance—man himself, so far as we know, being among the last. New forms constantly succeeded the old. And who shall say that at any one of those epochs in which life most abounded, the number of species or genera was really less than in another? Who can even, with a show of reason, say—taking all species of living things together—that there are fewer genera or species on the earth at this moment—in air, land, and water—than at any former geologic era he could name? All that can be safely said is, that man, as the dominant species, is gradually subduing and extirpating some hundreds of other species in the present era, and that the individuals of his own species, and of a few useful domestic animals, are at the same time increasing somewhat in number.

But in this latter increase is there anything more than an *imaginary* compensation for the other forms of life that are lessened or extirpated? Is there in it any evidence of a system of compensation having been in existence in more ancient geological epochs? There is nothing of the sort. The imaginary law of Buffon is rendered in no degree more probable by the conjectural modifications of M. Flourens. All we can admit at present is, that the quantity of life upon the globe at any one time, and the forms in which this life manifests itself, are dependent upon the will of the Deity. To what general laws He has subjected this total quantity and these forms, we cannot even guess.

Do these speculations as to the quantity of

life upon the globe, interfere in any way with our reasonings and conclusions as to the natural and possible length of human life? Not in the least. As an abstract result of physiological inquiry, it has been rendered probable that from ninety to a hundred years is the natural length of an ordinary human life. As a special and individual positive result, affecting each of us to whom this information is given, it has been rendered further probable that, by leading a moderate and sober life, any of us may attain this length of life in comparative health and

comfort. As to what would happen on the face of the globe, were all men so to live that none should fail to reach this great age—as to how the people would multiply, and what would become of them,—these are questions which do not concern us as individuals anxious to live long—which, were we all to begin incessantly so to live, could scarcely cause anxiety for generations to come, and which we may confidently leave to be answered by the ALL-DISPOSER.

From the New York Observer.

THE VERGE OF JORDAN.

I stand upon the river's verge,
Its waves break at my feet;
And can the roar of this dark surge
Sound in my ear so sweet?
Higher and higher swells its wave,
Nearer the billows come;
And can a dark and lonely grave
Outweigh a long-loved home?

'Tis not alone the billows' roar
That falls upon my ear;
But music from yon far off shore
Is wafted sweet and clear;
For angel harps are turned to cheer
My faltering human faith,
And angel tongues are chanting there
Triumphal hope in death.

Though dim and faltering grows my sight
It rests not on the grave:
It sees a land in glory bright
Beyond the darkening wave;
The gales that toss its crest of foam
Come from that far-off shore,—
They whisper of another home
Where parting is no more.

The everlasting hills arise,
Bright in immortal bloom;
The radiance of those sunny skies
Illumines e'en the tomb;
And glorious on those hills of light
I see my own abode.—
E'en now its turrets are in sight—
The city of our God!

Loved faces look upon me now,
And well-known voices speak!
O! when they left me long ago,
I thought my heart would break!
They beckon me to yonder strand,
Their hymns of triumph swell,
I see my own, my kindred band,
Earth, home and time, farewell!

Welcome, the waves that bear me o'er
Though dark and cold they be!
To gain my home on yonder shore
I'll brave them joyously;
The snowy, blood-washed robe I'll wear—
The palm of victory!
Welcome, the waves that waft me there
Though dark and cold they be!

THE WIND.

The wind went forth o'er land and sea,
Loud and free;
Foaming waves leapt up to meet it,
Stately pines bow'd down to greet it,
While the wailing sea
And the forest's murmured sigh
Joined the cry,
Of the wind that swept o'er land and sea.

The wind that blew upon the sea
Fierce and free,
Cast the bark upon the shore,
Whence it sail'd the night before,
Full of hope and glee;
And the cry of pain and death
Was but a breath,
Through the wind that roar'd upon the sea.

The wind was whispering on the lea
Tenderly;
But the white rose felt it pass,
And the fragile stalks of grass
Shook with fear to see
All her trembling petals shed,
As it fled,
So gently by,—the wind upon the lea.

Blow, thou wind, upon the sea
Fierce and free,
And a gentler message send,
Where frail flowers and grasses bend,
On the sunny lea;
For thy bidding still is one,
Be it done

In tenderness or wrath, on land or sea!
Household Words.

MORALITIES. Marriage is the nursery of Heaven—*Jeremy Taylor.*

Sleep is the fallow of the mind.

There are graves no time can close.

Flattery is a sort of bad money, to which our vanity gives currency—*Roche-foucault.*

Ceremony is necessary as the outwork and defence of manners.—*Chesterfield.*

We seldom find people ungrateful so long as we are in a condition to serve them.—*Roche-foucault.*

Covetousness, like a candle ill-made, smothers the splendor of a happy fortune in its own grease.—*F.*

From The *Edinburg Review*.

ART. VII.—*The Chemistry of Common Life.*

By JAMES F. W. JOHNSTON, M. D., F. R. S. L. & E., Reader in Chemistry and Mineralogy in the University of Durham. 2 vols. post 8vo. Blackwood: 1855.

THE common life of man is full of wonders, chemical and physiological. The manner and means of our existence,—every necessary we consume,—every material comfort we enjoy,—all the parts and functions of the bodily organs through which we enjoy them,—everything, in short, which concerns our daily individual life,—abounds in admirable marvels, which chemistry and chemical physiology disclose. Dr. Johnston has described and discussed these subjects, at once so familiar and so obscure,—so universally felt and so imperfectly understood,—in one of the most agreeable and instructive publications of the present day. We shall follow him rapidly through the general divisions of his subjects, and terminate our observations by some of the examples which the Doctor draws from the habits and wants of our daily lives.

If we begin, for example, with that universal air which floats around us,—which expands our lungs and permeates every tissue of our bodies—modern chemistry informs us that, though considered simple and elementary by the ancients, this air is a mixture of at least three elastic fluids, equally subtle and invisible, and equally essential to the purposes which the atmosphere is intended to serve. These are the now well-known gases nitrogen, oxygen, and carbonic acid. In the first, flame dies and no life can persist; in the second, bodies burn and animals live with great intensity; in the third, both life and flame are extinguished. Though so different in their properties when taken singly, the admixture of them, which forms our atmosphere, is adjusted—in kind and in the relative proportions of each—to the condition of things both living and dead, which now obtains on the surface of the earth.

Did the air consist of nitrogen only, the sun's rays would be the sole source of heat wherever the atmosphere extended, and no existing plant or animal could flourish on the globe. Were it formed of oxygen only, fire, once kindled, would refuse to be extinguished, and conflagration would spread, till everything combustible in the earth was consumed. Did it consist of carbonic acid only, death and comparative stillness would reign everywhere, and the production of light and heat such as we can now command, would be utterly impossible. But the happy mixture of the three gases which now prevails, renders everything possible. Under their united influence the rocks crumble to form a fertile soil, plants flourish to cover it with verdure, animals live

to adorn and enjoy it, and light and heat are awakened or extinguished at will. The inactive nitrogen dilutes the too energetic oxygen, so as to make animal life longer, and to subject living fire to human control; while the poisonous carbonic acid is rendered harmless to animal life by the very small proportion in which it is mixed with the other airs.

One of the most admirable, indeed, of Nature's wonders in the material world, is the purpose served by this carbonic acid gas. Itself poisonous in a high degree, it can be breathed by man with impunity only in very minute quantity; that is, in an extreme state of dilution. Hence, the atmosphere in which man lives contains only one gallon of this gas in every 2,500. And so small is this quantity, that the weight of carbon in this form which the whole atmosphere contains, amounts only to thirty-three grains out of the fifteen pounds of air which press upon every square inch. Yet by this comparatively minute quantity all vegetable life is nourished and sustained.

Look out in the coming spring-time at the bursting bud. Watch how beneath the mid-day sun, the tiny leaflet spreads out its yellow surface to the favoring rays. See how from day to day its hue becomes greener, and its several parts increase in size. This growth will continue till closing summer finds the little bud changed into a magnificent plant, clad with copious leaves, and successively blooming with gay flowers, or borne down by a burden of tempting fruit. Autumn will succeed, to stop the growth and give a new color to its leaves; and chill winter will strip it of all its leafy pride, and leave it naked as when spring-time began.

Such is the yearly plant-life, as seen by the ordinary cultivator, or watched with daily care by the lover of vegetable nature. But, beneath this outer open life, there is an inner secret life which the common eye does not see. A constant invisible intercourse has all the time been taking place between the external air and the most hidden parts of the internal plant. No sooner does the little leaf burst the swelling bud, than a thousand unseen mouths open on its surface to suck in the airy food which now for the first time comes within their reach. These minute mouths (*stomata*) are scattered in millions over the leaf, now on its upper, now on its under side, and now on both—according to the circumstances in which the plant is destined to live. Beginning with the first dawn of sunlight, they perpetually suck in carbonic acid from the atmosphere, and give off oxygen gas in nearly equal volume, till the sun goes down. Then, with a view to other chemical ends, and, obedient to the retiring sun, they change the nature of their work. While darkness lasts, they take back carbonic acid from the air, and give out again

pure oxygen gas. And thus, day after day, the leafy labor proceeds, and by the aid of the raw materials which the working mouths thus incessantly carry out and in, other vital parts within the plant produce the varied forms of matter of which the vegetable substance consists. The solid stem is formed, as it were, of compressed and hardened air; and vast forests on a thousand hills thus steal from the atmosphere the carbonaceous matter of which they mainly consist.

But a marvel of wondrous forethought discloses itself as we interrogate more nearly this mutual relation between terrestrial plant-life and the air which surrounds it. The quantity of carbon in the air, as we have seen, is small;—some thirty odd grains over every square inch. The active growth of vegetable matter over the entire surface of the globe, is able to convert the whole of this carbon into the substance of solid wood within the lifetime of a single generation of men. But hundreds of generations of men have already lived on the earth, and thousands of generations of other animals before him, yet carbon is as abundant in the atmosphere as ever, and vegetable growth, in similar circumstances, quite as luxuriant. There must, therefore, be some natural sources of supply from which carbonic acid gas flows into the air, as fast as the leafy mouths withdraw it. These sources, also, must be watched and regulated, that they may not pour it in so fast as to increase unduly the natural proportion of this poisonous gas in an atmosphere which man and countless other animals perpetually breathe. These several conditions are beautifully fulfilled by a series of compensating natural operations, which, like the growth of plants, form a part of the existing system of things; and, like it, never cease to proceed at a duly measured pace.

Thus, plants die, and the carbon of their stems and leaves is gradually resolved again into carbonic acid by the gradual progress of decay, or by the quicker agency of fire. Or the plant is eaten by the living animal, and after many chemical changes within the animal's body, its carbon is breathed forth again from the lungs and skin in the form of carbonic acid. In these several ways the very same carbon which the plant-leaf has taken from the air, is again, in a great measure, returned to it. A certain small and indefinite proportion of their carbon is indeed yearly buried in the soil, or covered up in the depths of the sea, or accumulated in bogs and dismal swamps. But to make up for this, the earth itself, from bubbling springs, from myriads of unseen fissures, and from the open mouths of many volcanoes pours forth a ceaseless contribution of carbonic acid gas,—ceaseless, yet in such wise limited, that so long as vegetation

lasts, it cannot render the atmosphere unwholesome to animal life. To the knowledge of these and many similar adjustments, the study of the chemistry of the air we breathe has gradually led us.

Turn now to the water we drink. In this admirable fluid, so clear, so bright, so grateful to the system, so healthful to the temperate, so necessary to all,—the delight of Grecian song,—the charm of the Eastern paradise,—of this fluid, lauded with justice by the physiologist, and worshipped, not unduly, by the total abstainer,—chemistry tells us that three-fourths of our apparently solid bodies consist, and that it forms nearly as large a proportion of all living vegetables during the height and vigor of their growth. In this fluid, looked upon as elementary till nearly our own times, modern research has taught us to see the result of a subtle union between the oxygen we have spoken of, and another gas, to which the name of hydrogen (water-former) has been given. Kindle this latter gas in the air, and it burns with a pale flame. Hold a cold bell glass over the flame, and its under surface will become bedewed with moisture, and drops of water will trickle down its sides. Collect this water and submit it to a current of electricity; the liquid will disappear, and in its stead the two gases oxygen and hydrogen will remain. These experiments prove, *first*, that while burning in the air, the hydrogen unites with the oxygen of the atmosphere and forms water; and, *second*, that the water thus formed consists of these two gaseous constituents only, compressed and bound together by some incomprehensible connexion, which it makes us no wiser to call *chemical combination*.

It is, indeed, incomprehensible how water, the enemy of fire, should itself consist of two gases, the one of which burns most readily, while the other is the great natural supporter of living fire. And it is equally strange that oxygen, so indispensable to animal life, should form eight-ninths by weight of a liquid in which few terrestrial animals can live for more than two or three seconds of time. By no known theory of physical or mechanical union can we satisfactorily explain how properties so new should be the result of such chemical combinations.

The chemical study of this water in its relations to animal and vegetable life presents new points of interest. The most important of its chemical properties are so familiar to us that we rarely think of them, and certainly do not sufficiently prize them. Pure water has neither taste, nor smell, nor pungency. It is neither sour like vinegar, nor sweet like sugar, nor alkaline like soda. It irritates no nerve of sensation, even the most delicate, nor is the tenderest part of the animal frame disturbed by contact with this universal fluid. It is thus

fitted to penetrate unfelt into the subtlest tissues, and without causing the slightest jar to flow along the finest, most sensitive, and most hair-like vessels. It soothes and assuages wherever it comes, lessening inflammation, lulling pain, diluting unhealthy fluids within the body, and washing morbid humors and waste materials from the sickly and changing frame.

Again, as a cooling agent water is equally invaluable. In a dry and thirsty land we feel and acknowledge the pleasure of bathing our heated bodies in the sea or the running stream. But we are less sensible how it watches over us, as it were, every passing moment, dispelling each rising heat, and removing from the body every excess of warmth which might disturb the equable working of its many parts. Do we eat inflammatory food, or drink over-stimulating fluids, the excess of bodily warmth produced converts a portion of water into vapor, and the lungs throw it off into the air. Do we by hard labor, or other usual exertion, exalt the temperature of the body, the same water again takes up the superfluous heat, and bathing in perspiration both skin and lungs restrains with due bounds the growing inflammation.

But more widely useful still in relation to vegetable and animal life is the property which water possesses of dissolving and rendering fluid a host of usually solid bodies. Put sugar or salt into water, it disappears and becomes fluid and penetrative like water itself. The salt sea contains within its bosom many substances so dissolved; the fluids that circulate through our veins are chiefly water, holding various compound bodies in solution; the moisture which the plant-root drinks in carries with it into root, stem, and leaf many substances it has taken up from the soil; and the purest waters we consume for domestic use are not free from foreign matters of mineral and organic origin. In all this there is a purpose, and good flows to all living things from this solvent power of water.

It must suffice at present to mention one general benefit. Into the composition of the plant a variety of solid mineral substances enter, which it is the duty of the plant root to draw from the soil. In their solid form these substances could neither move freely through the soil nor find their way into the fine pores of the little rootlets. But dissolved in water they move as freely as the liquid itself, and penetrate with it into the most delicate tissues of plant or animal. Thus along the finest vessels they ascend through stem and twig and leaf, and distribute themselves wherever their presence is required.

It is so also with the animal. Into all its parts, solid saline, and mineral, matters enter as a necessary portion of their substance. These we introduce into the stomach along with our other food, but water must dissolve them there and

make them fluid before they can find their way into the blood and be afterwards conveyed to the parts of the body where their several services are required. And here comes into view a glimpse of wise beneficence in what at first sight appears only a form of material evil. The impurities, as we call them, of natural waters are often of real advantage to those who drink them, supplying saline and mineral matters in which the food is deficient, or which the peculiar nature of the staple form of diet in a given region renders grateful to the enfeebled frame. The purest waters, therefore, are by no means to be considered as everywhere and in all cases the most wholesome. The natural waters of every locality are more or less medicated, so to speak, and the constitutions of the inhabitants by long use becomes adapted to their peculiar quality, and even their food is adjusted to it; so that to change their wonted beverage even for one more pure may sensibly affect the health, for years to come, of large masses of people.

Look next at the food we eat. This is either of vegetable or of animal origin, and what modern chemistry tells us regarding it is not only full of rich uses and of deep personal interest to every one of us, but is in itself truly marvellous. For, *first*, it abolishes the artificial distinction which mere sense has long established between animal food and vegetable food. The bread we simply bake is no longer quite different in use and quality from the flesh meats on which learned cooks exhaust their culinary skill. In bread we actually eat the substance of beef, and in bread and butter another form of that marbled flesh on which the eye of the epicure so placidly rests. In every variety of eatable plant there exists a portion of what chemists call gluten, which is nearly identical with the muscular part of animal flesh, and a proportion also of fat, which is absolutely identical with the fat of animals. How unphilosophical and vain, therefore, the discipline which enjoins and makes a merit of abstaining from a substance when obtained from the body of an animal, and yet allows the use of the same substance when obtained from a vegetable!

Again, it shows us how curiously and by what admirable contrivances this food is prepared for man. Of carbon and nitrogen, such as float in the air, combined with the oxygen and hydrogen gases already spoken of, the flesh and tissues of animals, and the solid portions of vegetables in great part consist. But of these only one, the oxygen, serves directly as food either to animal or to plant. The plant, as we have seen, sucks in at times oxygen by its leaves, and some of this oxygen, no doubt, contributes to the formation of its growing substance. The animal, also, draws in oxygen from the air by its lungs, and uses it directly to build up the tissues of its body. Thus both animals and plants, to a certain small extent, feed upon raw

and unchanged oxygen. But neither plant nor animal can so consume or work up elementary or uncombined hydrogen, nitrogen, or carbon.

And here, in pursuing further our inquiries in regard to the way in which they are respectively fed, a great difference at once presents itself between the plant and the animal; while, at the same time, a close and predetermined relation is seen evidently to exist between them.

It would be out of place here minutely to discuss the way in which plants and animals are nourished and sustained. It is sufficient to observe, that throughout what may be called dead or mineral nature there exist numerous, more or less simple, compounds of hydrogen, carbon, and nitrogen, which the plant is able to appropriate and employ in building up its growing substance. In the air, for example, there floats, as we have seen, an unfailing supply of carbonic acid. The same gas exists also in nearly all natural waters, and in the soil it is formed abundantly along with other comparatively simple combinations of carbon. All these the plant takes in by its leaves or by its roots, and from them, by a still obscure chemistry, extracts and makes its own the carbon they contain. So from water and ammonia it takes hydrogen—from nitric acid, ammonia, and other compounds, it takes nitrogen—and from the dead earthy matter of rocks and soils it selects and takes up the so-called incombustible, inorganic, or mineral ingredients which are necessary to the production of its perfect substance.

Of raw and simple materials like these, the animal can make nothing. Among them all, water is the only one it can with safety introduce into its stomach, and upon this it cannot live or be sustained. It is upon the results of the plant's labors—upon the substances of the plant's body, the new and usually more complex combinations which the living plant has manufactured from the simple compounds which nature presents to it—that the herbivorous animal can alone support itself. Out of these, by wonderful methods, which we cannot explain, the plant forms starch, sugar, fat, and gluten, in all their varieties. So formed by the plant, the animal eats them; digests and changes them anew by a further mysterious chemistry which we are only now beginning faintly to follow; and finally fits them into appropriate places in its own body. This dead nature daily labors for the food of plants; the living plant daily labors for the food of animals. In the order of nature, the plant must precede, and accompany, and unceasingly work for the animal. Alone, in the midst of physical nature, man and all other animals would be helpless, forlorn, and short-lived.

Thus far, then, our science teaches us how different in relation to external things the life of plants is from the life of animals, and yet how

closely and inseparably they are connected;—how selected first from earth and air to form the plant, the same matter next builds up the more curious animal frame; and when that is worn out, or dies, returns again to earth and air, to run the same course anew. It thus shows one simple though grand idea pervading all life, embodied in the existing course of animated nature, yet by its manifold and complex details, leading us perpetually to admire the surpassing Workman from whose beneficent intellect it sprung.

And in this plant, so essential to the life of all, what a miracle of chemical contrivance and chemical endowment it is! This little sporule, which the unassisted eye can scarcely discern,—in which even by the aid of the microscope only an obscure structure can be observed—in this little germ how much discernment and concealed intention really rests! Placed in one condition, it remains unalterably the same for an indefinite period of time. If life is there, it is life in a state of quiescent torpor; quiescent yet watchful; a life of most profound repose. Placed in another condition, it seems at once to perceive the change. It swells and moves; the inner being bursts its shell, and comes forth; slowly and cautiously expands its growing length; feels, as it were, and examines every substance it touches; selects and rejects as suits its purpose; transforms each chemical body it takes up, and fits it for the place it is intended to occupy in the building about to be erected; and with materials so collected and prepared, it builds unceasingly—without wearying, and after a predetermined plan—green leaf, graceful twig, towering stem, blooming flower, luscious fruit, nourishing seed; till through the wonderful working, mechanical and chemical, of that hidden speck of life which so long slept in the microscopic germ, beauty and grace adorn the landscape, and inert useless matter has been abundantly converted into food for man. How slow and limited is our most advanced chemical knowledge, compared with that easy skill so richly given to this tiny seedlet!

Let us now leave those substances which are naturally necessary to human life, and consider for a little those things which by habit have become to modern nations a kind of second nature. In looking to modern life in this point of view, it appears widely distinguished not only from that of classic times, but even from that of the middle ages. Sugar, tea, coffee, cocoa, brandy, and tobacco have all become familiar to Christian Europe and America within the last 300 years. By the end of the 14th century, the cultivation of sugar had already become important in Western Asia and Northern Africa. Brought into Spain by the Moors, and cultivated in Andalusia, it was planted in the Madeiras by the Portuguese, who in 1520 possessed already sixty sugar manufactories in the island

of St. Thomas alone. Thence it penetrated to America with the Spaniards, and became a staple article of Spanish American growth. Now, about 4500 millions of pounds of cane sugar, produced chiefly in America, pass yearly through the hands of European and American merchants, while in addition nearly 500 millions of the same kind of sugar are extracted from the beet-root in Northern Europe, and consumed in the different countries of our more eastern continent. It was not till the year 1659 that sugar refining began to be practised in England; and in 1700, the consumption of all England was only 20 millions of pounds. Now, we are not only the great refiners of Europe, but by far the greatest consumers of sugar of every variety. In the year 1853, the consumption of the United Kingdom amounted to 818 millions of pounds of sugar, being at the rate of 28 lbs. a year—upwards of half-a-pound a week—for each of our population. What a change in the habits and modes of living of the people does this imply!

The introduction and rapid spread of the habit of using tea is still more recent and remarkable. The leaf was not brought to Europe till about the beginning of the 17th century. Sugar refineries were already in operation in England, when in 1664 the East India Company thought a couple of pounds of tea a not unroyal gift to present to the Queen of England. Now we consume at the rate of two pounds a head as the yearly allowance of every individual in the three kingdoms, and the total annual consumption of the United Kingdom is about 25,000 tons, or sixty millions of pounds! The use of this leaf is specially great in China and Thibet, in Russia, Holland, and England, and in the states and provinces of North America. The entire quantity consumed over this wide area, among about 500 millions of men, is roughly estimated at upwards of two thousand millions of pounds.

Coffee, though less a favorite among us than tea, is preferred to it by several of our Continental neighbors. On the whole, perhaps the spread of coffee drinking during the last 300 years has been more wonderful even than that of tea. It was not till the beginning of the 15th century that it was introduced into Arabia from Abyssinia. About the middle of the 16th, it began to be used in Constantinople, and in spite of the opposition of priests and Turkish doctors, it may now be considered as the staple minor luxury of Mahomedan life. In the middle of the 17th century (1652), the first coffee-house was open in London; and now, two hundred years after, the yearly consumption of coffee in the United Kingdom has reached the large amount of 35 millions of pounds. The quantity of the coffee bean actually bought and sold is about 600 millions of pounds every year, and it is in daily use among perhaps 120 millions of men!

We may pass briefly over cocoa, the ancient beverage and nutriment of the Mexican Incas, and still the favorite in modern times of Central America, of Italy, and of Spain. It is consumed to the extent of about 100 millions of pounds a year, and among 50 millions of men.

But what is the chemistry of all this new food and drink, unknown to that ancient life, the manners and features of which form so great a part of our study at school? What new craving in our common nature have they awakened, what old craving more agreeably satisfied? What is their physiological action, in short, and upon what chemical constituents does it depend? Why have entire nations so readily fallen into the new habits, and why do they so pertinaciously cling to them?

By her fireside, in her humble cottage, the lonely widow sits; the kettle simmers over the ruddy embers, and the blackened teapot on the hot brick prepares her evening drink. Her crust of bread is scanty; yet as she sips the warm beverage—little sweetened, it may be, with the produce of the sugar cane,—genial thoughts awaken in her mind; her cottage grows less dark and lonely, and comfort seems to enliven the ill-furnished cabin. When our suffering and wounded soldiers were brought down frozen and bleeding from the trenches before Sebastopol to the port of Balaklava, the most welcome relief to their sufferings was a pint of hot tea, which was happily provided for them. Whence this great solace to the weary and worn? Why out of scanty earnings does the ill-fed and lone one cheerfully pay for the seemingly unwholesome weekly ounce of tea? From what ever-open fountain does the daily comfort flow which the teacup gently brings to the careworn and the weak?

The answer we are enabled to give to these questions is still very imperfect. Recent chemical and chemico-physiological researches have indeed thrown much interesting light on the nature, composition, and mode of action of the warm infusions we delight to drink, and we can so far satisfactorily account for many of their effects. We may expect our present views, however, to be materially modified by the results of future research.

In the first place, past experiment has shown us that there is a remarkable chemical analogy among the four substances Chinese tea, Paraguay tea, coffee, and cocoa, which are chiefly employed for the preparation of infused beverages. All of them in the roasted state in which they are used, contain aromatic oils in minute proportion, to which the peculiar aroma of each is due. All contain also a proportion of an astringent substance resembling the tannin of gall-nuts or oak bark. In three of them, Chinese tea, Paraguay tea, and coffee, is found a variable quantity of a peculiar white crystalline body, to which the name of theine or caffeine

has been given; while in cocoa a different but similar body exists, which is known by the name of theobromine. Of these three constituents, which are all extracted by hot water, two—the volatile oil and the theine—are known to exercise a peculiar action upon the system. The oil possesses narcotic properties, intoxicates, occasions headaches and giddiness, and sometimes paralysis in those who as tea-tasters are much exposed to its influence. New tea contains this oil in larger quantity than old tea does, and for this reason it is said that the Chinese rarely use their tea till it has been kept over a year. The small proportion of it which exists in tea as we get it in Europe, is not only harmless, but is probably one source of the soothing exhilaration which tea and coffee produce.

The theine, again, is a bitter substance possessing tonic or strengthening qualities, but distinguished particularly by the property of retarding the natural waste of the animal body. Most people are now aware that the chief necessity for food to a full grown animal, arises from the gradual and constant wearing away of the tissues and solid parts of its body. To repair and restore the worn and wasted parts, food must be constantly eaten and digested. And the faster the waste, the larger the quantity of food which must daily be consumed, to make up for the loss which this waste occasions. Now the introduction of a certain quantity of theine into the stomach lessens the amount of waste which in similar circumstances would otherwise naturally take place. It makes the ordinary food consumed along with it, go further, therefore,—or more correctly, lessens the quantity of food necessary to be eaten in a given time. A similar effect in a somewhat less degree, is produced by the volatile oil, and therefore, the infusion of tea, in which both these ingredients of the leaf are contained, affects the rapidity of the natural waste in the tea-drinker in a very marked manner.

As age creeps on, the powers of digestion diminish with the failing of the general vigor, till the stomach is no longer able to digest and appropriate new food as fast as the body wears away. When such is the case, to lessen the waste is to aid the digestive powers in maintaining the strength and bulk of the weakening frame. "It is no longer wonderful therefore," says our author, "that tea and coffee should be favorites on the one hand with the poor whose supplies of substantial food are scanty. And on the other, with the aged and infirm, especially of the feeble sex, whose powers of digestion and whose bodily substance have together begun to fail. Nor is it surprising that the aged female whose earnings are barely sufficient to buy what are called the common necessities of life, should yet spare a portion of her small gains in procuring this grateful indulgence. She can

sustain her strength as well with less common food when she takes her tea along with it: while she feels lighter at the same time in spirits, more cheerful, and fitter for the dull work of life, because of this little indulgence."

The wide prevalence of the taste for infused beverages, illustrates in a marked manner the existence of common instinctive cravings among a large proportion of the human race. In tropical as well as arctic regions, the practice of using warm drinks equally prevails. Dr. Johnson follows the topography of these harmless stimulants in the following terms:—

"In Central America the Indian of native blood and the Creole of mixed European race indulge alike in their ancient chocolate. In South America the tea of Paraguay is an almost universal beverage. The native North American tribes have their Appalachian tea, their Osageo tea, their Labrador tea, and many others. From Florida to Georgia in the United States, and over all the West India islands, the naturalised European races sip their favorite coffee; while over the Northern States of the Union, and in the British Provinces, the tea of China is in constant and daily use.

"In Europe we have no means of knowing how long such tastes and practices have prevailed. The Romans, at their banquets, used cups and saucers made of silver and richly embossed. They were nearly of the same shape as those now in use, and were employed for drinking hot water out of. Whether it was customary to infuse herbs in this water on any occasion we do not read. But in Holland and England sage tea was in use till a very late period: and its antiquity is shown by the statement that the Dutch, in their early intercourse with China, carried out dried sage leaves as an article of traffic, and exchanged them against those of the Chinese tea-tree. Now, however, every country in Europe has chosen for itself one or other of the familiar foreign beverages. Spain and Italy delight in cocoa: France, Germany, Sweden, and Turkey in coffee; Russia, Holland, and England in tea; while poor Ireland makes a warm drink for itself, out of the husks of the cocoa, the refuse of the chocolate mills of Italy and Spain.

"So all Asia feels the same want, and in different ways has long gratified it. Coffee, indigenous in Abyssinia or the adjoining countries, has attached itself to the banner of the Arabian prophet, and has followed it wherever in Asia or Africa his false faith has triumphed. Tea, a native of China, has spread spontaneously over the hill country of the Himalayas, the table land of Tartary and Tibet, and the plains of Siberia, has climbed the Altai, overspread Russia, and is equally despotic in Moscow as in St. Petersburg. In Sumatra the coffee-leaf yields the favorite tea of the dark-skinned population, while Central Africa boasts of the

Abyssinian chaat, as the indigenous warm drink of the Ethiopian people. Everywhere, un-intoxicating and non-narcotic beverages are in general use—among tribes of every color, beneath every sun, and in every condition of life. The custom, therefore, must meet some universal want in our common human nature." (Vol. i. p. 56.)

This wide use of simple medicated drinks is simple enough. But it is still more remarkable that in so many different countries, and from so many different plants, different races of men—ignorant alike of chemistry and physiology—should have been led by a common instinct to select, for the purpose of preparing these drinks, vegetable substance which contains the same peculiar acting ingredient. Thus, the theine which characterises the Chinese leaf, is present not only in the coffee bean brought into use in Abyssinnia and Arabia, in the coffee leaf employed as yet only in Sumatra, in the Mate or Paraguay tea which has been long collected among the forests of Paraguay, but also in the Guarana or Brazilian cocoa, in use among the natives of Brazil; while the true cocoa of Central America contains the very similar substance theobromine. This fact, which has been established beyond doubt by recent chemical research, is one of the most curious in the whole history of human instincts. Through how many successive trials,—after how wide and long an experience of bodily comfort and discomfort,—must half-civilized men in each of these countries have come to settle down into the general custom of using the several indigenous plants which modern times have found commonly employed among them. How very curious that the chemistry of our day should discover that in so many cases the plants thus selected should be capable of yielding to water the same chemical and physiological ingredient!

The passion for fermented drinks is akin to the love of infused beverages, but it stands upon a somewhat different ground. It is not instinctive in the same sense as the desire for warm infusions. It has not everywhere led the different races of men through long trial and research to the means of gratifying it. These means have rather sprung up of themselves before mankind in certain parts of the world, and have thus awakened the passion which, if it existed in human nature at all, would otherwise have remained dormant.

Thus, in tropical climates, where palm trees flourish, an accidental wound to the topmost shoot causes a copious flow of sweet sap, which, of its own accord, speedily ferments and produces an agreeable intoxicating drink. How early in eastern climes must this grateful liquor have become familiar to the primeval races? How natural it was in them to make use of it!

So also in Mexico the American aloe pours its copious juice into its own central cup, and

there in a brief space produces the Mexican pulque, so pleasing to the native palate. And where the grape vine bears its luscious bunches the expressed juice soon begins to move and sparkle with bubbles of living gas, and the crude heavy liquor changes spontaneously into the cheerful and exhilarating wine. Indeed the juices of nearly all fruits, even of our more northern ones,—the apple, the pear, the plum, the gooseberry, and a hundred others—naturally produce their own peculiar varieties of intoxicating drink. Fermented liquors, therefore, are natural beverages, which man could not avoid becoming acquainted with, and of which in many countries it required little ingenuity to obtain a continued and abundant supply. It was probably some fortunate accident which led to the discovery of the mode of preparing sweet liquids from sprouted grain (malt), and of converting them into an exhilarating drink by mixing them with other liquids already in fermentation. A rare accident no doubt, led to the custom of chewing grains and roots, still practised in Peru, for the preparation of fermented chicha, and in the South Sea Island for the manufacture of the favorite ava. And a yet rarer accident, at a more modern period, taught some sleepless Arabian alchemist,—torturing substance after substance in his crucibles alembics,—how to extract the fierce spirit from these agreeable drinks, and brought up, as it were, from the bottom of Pandora's box, that Alcohol which has since inflicted so many evils upon the world.

In the chemical history of these fermented drinks there are many things which will repay the careful student who is desirous of thoroughly understanding this important chapter of the "chemistry of common life." In all cases, for example, and whatever may be the source of the liquid we employ, the same chemical substance undergoes the same chemical change during the process of fermentation. In every instance we start with grape sugar—that is, the kind of sugar which exists ready formed in the grape and other fruits. If we wish to employ grain we make it sprout, and thus produce within it a peculiar substance called diastase, which, when the grain is crushed and steeped in warm water, converts the starch of the grain into grape sugar, and dissolves it, forming the sweet wort. To this solution of grape sugar we add a ferment, usually yeast, if it does not naturally contain one, as grape and palm tree juices do. Through the action of the ferment the grape sugar is changed, always in the same chemical way, so that sparkling carbonic acid gas and intoxicating alcohol are in every case produced. At the same time a peculiar ethereal oil in small proportion, is formed. This is different in the juice or sap of each different fruit or tree, and hence each variety of fermented drink derives its own peculiar bouquet.

Then how singular and worthy of study are

the effects they produce upon the system, corporeal and spiritual, when introduced into the stomach. They exhilarate, they enliven, they excite to laughter, they awaken merriment, they stimulate and exalt the mental powers. Some they stupify, some they convert into irritable savages, some into drivelling idiots, and some into mere pugnacious animals. All, if long and largely used, they finally brutalize, prostrate, and, in the end, carry to an untimely grave.

But more wonderful than these poisonous and destructive effects is the passion for indulging in them, which these fermented liquors awaken in a large portion of our fellow men—the irresistible love with which these unfortunates are smitten by them—the fascinating influence by which they are charmed. The will becomes absolutely spell-bound through the action of alcohol on the bodies of some, and reason is dethroned, even where it formerly exercised a clear and undisputed sway.

We cannot here discuss the causes of all this. They lie, in fact, as yet, a great way beyond the limits of our actual knowledge.

But there are certain beneficial, though less marked, effects produced by alcoholic drinks, which recent chemico-physiological research, to a certain extent, explains. Taken in moderate quantities they act like tea in lessening the bodily waste, and thus are of real value to persons whose power of digestion are impaired, either by disease or by the advances of age. They seem also to defend the body, to a certain extent, against wear and tear which a constant exercise and agitation of the mind is apt to occasion. Yet the degree and form in which these effects are produced vary with the kind and composition of the fermented drinks we make use of. The proportion of water with which the alcohol is diluted, the peculiar ethereal oil with which it is mixed or contaminated, the kind of acid naturally formed and contained in the liquor (such as the acetic acid of beer, the lactic acid of cider, and the tartaric acid of grape wine), the kind and quantity of the salts which occur in it, the hops or other narcotics which, in the case of beer, have been infused in it—all these ingredients of the drink modify its action upon the system, and give rise to those diversities in the effects which different fermented liquors are found to produce upon the same individual.

The melancholy influences which the passion for alcoholic drinks exercises upon the comfort and well being of society is a social rather than a chemico-physiological question. To what extent, on the grounds of moral expediency, it is proper, by fiscal or other regulations, to punish the moderate and self-restraining for the purpose of tying up the hands of the immoderate and those who will make no effort to restrain themselves,—whether it is better to bind men of lax principles and little education by vows

which are so likely to be broken, or to instruct and educate them in a better understanding of what is for their own present and future good,—whether it is better to withhold spirit licences and shut up beer-houses, or to make the poor man's home as comfortable as the fireside of the village inn, and to teach young females of the humbler classes, as their first and most responsible duty, how to keep them so,—whether any one of all these methods is the best for suppressing a wide-spread evil,—or whether, for the moral regeneration of the most helpless of our people, a good man would not cheerfully aid in employing and furthering them all,—these are questions in social economies in regard to which, in this free country, we must be content to differ.

We have spoken of the passion for intoxicating liquors which continued use awakens, as the most remarkable circumstance in the scientific history of fermented drinks. It is from this fascinating power that the danger of using them principally arises. And from this we derive our strongest arguments in favor of the more extended use of tea and other infused beverages, which, however, indulged in, lead at least to no moral delinquencies or violations of public law. But this fascinating power alcoholic liquids share with another class of indulgences, also introduced into Europe in modern times, and already most extensively consumed by every European race. These are the narcotic substances we indulge in.

Of such substances it is remarkable how large a number are in use in different parts of the world, over how wide an area the habit of consuming them prevails, among how many different tribes of men, and from how remote a period. The aborigines of Central America rolled up the tobacco-leaf and dreamed away their lives in smoky reveries, ages before Columbus was born, or the colonists of Sir Walter Raleigh brought it within the precincts of the Elizabethan Court. The cocoa leaf, which is still the comfort and strength of the Peruvian muleteer, was chewed as he does it now, in far remote times, and among the same mountains, by his Indian forefathers. The use of opium, hemp, and the betel-nut, of which only the first has yet been transplanted into Europe, has prevailed among Eastern Asiatics from times of the most fabulous antiquity. The same is probably true of the pepper plants, indulged in by the South Sea islanders and the natives of the Indian Archipelago; of the thorn apples, the use of which still lingers among the natives of the Andes and on the slopes of the remote Himalayas; of the ledum of Northern Europe; of what, from its abundant growth and use among ourselves, may be called the English hop; and of the singular fungus of Siberia, which, passionately loved by the natives of that forbidding region now, has been in use among them from time immemorial.

The narcotic appetite appears, indeed, to have a natural and deep root in the human constitution. It is of the nature of an instructive craving, which, like that for the kind of comfort which tea and coffee bring, has led to the discovery and use in countries far remote from each other of different substances, capable of producing the same general effects upon the system.

In the United Kingdom the narcotic most largely indulged in is the hop. Of this we consume nearly forty millions of pounds (thirty-eight and a half) every year, chiefly for imparting bitterness and other qualities to beer. Of this large quantity upwards of thirty-five millions of pounds are used in England alone, being at the rate of two pounds a head of the population. The narcotic quality of the hop flower resides in a volatile oil and in an aromatic resin, of which it contains about eight per cent. of its weight. The specific action upon the system which is exercised by these ingredients of the hop has not been as yet satisfactorily investigated. There can be no doubt, however, that the extensive use of this narcotic in the southern half of the island, exercises an important influence upon the common life and every-day behavior of the English population.

Next to the hop, tobacco is the favorite narcotic in the United Kingdom. About thirty millions of pounds of this leaf are now consumed among us, of which about five millions are used in Ireland. This is at the rate of nineteen ounces a head for Great Britain, and twelve ounces a head for the people of Ireland. It is partly, no doubt, because of the smell which accompanies the use of tobacco, that opposition to this use has been more widely and publicly made both in this country and in America, than against the less obtrusive hop, which in England is so much more largely used, and which in its silent and unseen way, is probably the source of as much real evil.

The results of recent chemical researches made upon the tobacco-leaf are full of interest, instruction, and warning. They have shown that in the dry leaf there naturally resides from two to eight per cent. of a narcotic, volatile, highly poisonous, alkaline liquid, to which the name of *nicotine* has been given, and along with it a three-or-four-thousandth part of a volatile fatty oil, which also possesses narcotic properties. Upon the chewer the influence of tobacco depends chiefly upon the action of these two ingredients of the natural leaf. But the smoker produces during the burning of his tobacco a new oily "distilment," which comes to him with the smoke, and naturally exalts the action of the tobacco upon his system. This empyreumatic oil, as it is called, mingles in vapour with the natural volatile oil and nicotine of the tobacco, and aids in producing those varying and complicated effects upon the body and brain, with which most of us are directly or indi-

rectly familiar. That these effects are usually pleasing, the experience of millions daily testifies; that they are sometimes injurious is equally certain; that they awaken thirst, and lead some to drink intoxicating liquors, cannot be denied; and yet, according to the highest authorities in this department of physiology, the use of tobacco in moderation has not been *proved*, in this country at least, to be injurious to the human health. That the practice of smoking and chewing, as practised sometimes in this country, and oftener in the United States, may lead to dirty and disgusting habits, those of our readers who do not share this amiable vice will readily admit, and also that tobacco may be used immoderately and to the manifest injury of health. But it may be permitted to scientific common sense, to doubt whether all this justifies the utter condemnation of the practice, and the fierce denunciations against the use of tobacco in any form or degree, which have lately been put forth both in Great Britain and in America.

Did time permit us further to consider the chemico-physiological history of narcotic substances, we should have turned to the use of opium and hemp in the East, of the strange cocoa in Peru, of the still stranger fungus in Siberia, and of the other less extensively used narcotics of which the names have already been mentioned. We may observe, however, as showing how very large a part these substances occupy among the means or enjoyment of common life, that they are consumed at present in the following enormous proportions:—

Tobacco among 800 millions of men.

Opium	"	400	"
Hemp	"	200 or 300	"
Betel	"	100	"
Cocoa	"	10	"

And that of tobacco there are consumed about 4,480 millions of pounds every year; of betel 500 millions; of opium, 20 millions; of hops, 80 millions, and of cocoa, 30 millions of pounds. The influence of so vast a consumption of substances of this class upon the domestic economy, even of our own working classes, is apparent when we consider how large a proportion of their weekly earnings is sometimes expended in gratifying this one appetite. But in India,—where, on an average, not more than sixpence a head is yearly spent by the whole population in the purchase of clothing,—narcotic indulgences rise at once to the importance of being the second great necessary of common life. The late Mr. Porter read before the British Association, August, 1850, a paper which placed in a succinct, but very striking, form, what he termed the self-imposed taxation of the working classes of this country. He showed that the cost of distilled spirits to the people of the three kingdoms amounted in 1849 to about twenty-four millions sterling, that about twenty-five millions are expended in beer, and seven millions and

a half in tobacco,—making in all an annual expenditure of fifty-seven millions in these stimulants, not including the cost of tea, coffee, and chocolate: a sum, therefore, fully equalling the whole public revenue of the United Kingdom. Among the working classes it is probable that one-third of the earnings of the family is spent in these indulgences. We may naturally inveigh against such an excess of unproductive and often injurious sensual gratification; but it is obvious that tastes so deeply seated in human nature, so universally indulged, and so dearly gratified, must take their origin in the physiological composition of man, and have some intimate connexion with the natural condition of his being.

We cannot dismiss the subject of warm infusions and narcotic indulgences—so widely naturalized among European nations within the last three centuries—without remarking upon the influence they must necessarily exercise upon the bodily constitution and mental character of the people who so largely use them. The soothers and excitors we individually indulge in, if taken in excess, are seen gradually to affect and sensibly to modify both our tempers and our usual state of bodily health. Let the use of these become general, even in a moderate degree, and similar changes will in time effect a whole people. We know from medical history that the general character of disease, and the nature of systems, have very much altered since modern beverages and narcotics have become common. This indicates the presence of constitutional change, and we cannot tell how far or how deep such changes may proceed. It is a

problem, therefore, which interests not merely the physiologist and psychologist, but the Statesman, also, to ascertain how far and in what direction such changes may go,—how far the actual tastes, habits, and character of modern nations have been modified or even created by the prolonged consumption of the substances we have been considering, and what influence their continued use is likely still to exercise on the final fortunes of a people. The fate of nations has frequently been decided by the slow operation of long acting causes, unthought of and unestimated by the historian, till these causes had gradually changed their constitution, their characters, and their capabilities, while their names and local homes remained still the same.

We must here close our illustrations. The chemical study of the means and appliances of life makes known to us many more adjustments and adaptations, such as those we have pointed out. In the composition, structure, and chemical functions of the several parts of the body,—in the process of breathing and the purposes served by it,—in that of digestion and the many pre-arranged contrivances by means of which it is completed,—in the odors and miasmata which fill the air, and either increase our comforts or endanger our lives,—in every part either of our internal economy or of external material nature with which we come into contact in daily life,—examples of chemical adjustment are met with, not less interesting or worthy of attention than any of those we have quoted in the present article. For these the reader will consult with advantage the very pleasing work before us.

PEACE AT ANY PRICE!

It would be considered by her Majesty's Government to do their duty to give the most favorable consideration to *any* proposals which may come to them from or through Austria.—LORD PALMERSTON.—*Times*, May 22, 1855.

Peace upon any terms! cheap or dear—

At any sacrifice distant or near—

Peace upon any condition!

That Whigs in *peace* may make family cheer
With the family State provision.

Peace! that their luck may be less untoward,

Whatever place they get into;

Peace! that their prospects may not be sour'd—

That the Gower may kindly serve the Howard,

And the Eliot care for the Minto.

Peace! that a Premier wheezy and stark

May not—to show that he's up to the mark—

Have to stimulate youthful vigor;

Peace! that his whiskers so youthfully dark

May recover their wonted figure.

Peace! lest his followers give the slip

At the tokens of failing nature;

Peace! that each yelping Radical rip

May come to the crack of the Treasury whip

In the fear of the Lord and of Hayter.

Peace! that John Russell may freshen again

His slightly bewildered noddle,

And quit of Vienna—of failure and stain,

At Bedford or Bristol may vent his strain

Of constitutional twaddle.

Peace! that "Reformers," the Blue and Red,

May finish their tranquil story;

And Peace! lest England dream that her dead

Crave "Vengeance!" from their bloodier bed

Neath the turf that shrouds their glory.

Peace! that the Muscovite may discern

The supremacy of our nation,

And, as our trenches to sleepwalks turn,

From our "Rails" and Telegraph may learn

The triumph of civilization.

Peace! lest the Tories compel the same

By pressing the Czar in reality;

And, as for the war they're not to blame,

May put their credit against our shame,

And beat us in totality.

Peace, then, Peace!—whether cheap or dear—

At any sacrifice distant or near—

Peace upon any condition!

That Whigs in *peace* may make family cheer

With the family State provision.

The Press, May 26.

From the New Monthly Magazine.

Berries and Blossoms: a Verse-book for Young People. By T. W. WESTWOOD, Author of "The Burden of the Bell," etc. London: Darton & Co. 1855.

OLD in heart must he be, older than the hills—for they, on occasion, can skip like young sheep—who shall find himself none the younger, none the kinder, none the gladder and wiser too, for a reading in this Verse-Book for Young People. There are things in it, which children, now made happy with the possession of it, will enjoy at once, but which they will probably—if they live—enjoy still more, when their children's children are beside them and around them. The book has about it the pervading grace of sympathy with childhood, with its fancies and reveries, its sports and frolics, its lovings and likings. There is much quaint humor; there is many a gleesome sally, many a bit of good-natured satire and bantering fun; there is a finely-touched love of nature, touched to fine issues—a healthy delight in vernal breezes, and summer meadows, and the ways and means of the fish in the sea and the fowl of the air, together with a poetical faculty of giving to these "dumb mouths" an articulate speech, and interpreting for child-listeners and lookers-on the sounds and symbols of the blue heavens above and the green earth beneath.

Mr. Westwood has already submitted his book to one critic, by whose judgment he will not be reluctant to abide—"No solemn elder," he tells us, "with a world of dusty wisdom in the wrinkles of his brow, but a little frolicsome child, wise only in the freshness of her heart and mind, and whose praises and penalties were alike spontaneous and sincere." He confesses that, having written books before, never has he written one in which he took greater pleasure or more entire interest. He calls it a play-book rather than a lesson book, and, to those who shake their heads (there *are* such people, but we suppose they can't help it) at such an avowal, he addresses his opinion, that children should sometimes be sent into poetry, "just as they are sent into the June sunshine with hoop and skipping-rope, for pastime and relaxation." Let the mandarin heads wag on, if they must; but let not that deter Mr. Westwood from wending his "ain gate"

To-morrow to fresh woods and pastures new, and bringing us other clusters of big bright berries, and bonny springtime blossoms that hang on the bough.

Various enow in subject and in treatment are the contents of this Verse-Book. There is the Confession of a Blue Bell, with its ring-a-ting obligato; there is a smart new version of the old fable of the Owl and the Hawk, which cleverly differentiates between the *tu-whit* and *tu-ichoo* of the former bird; there is a Ballad of

Giant Despair and the little prince Goodchild, and another, very notable, of Child Barbara and the Dragon; there is the tragic history of Puff-skin, the Frog, and Peter Piper, the Grasshopper; and again, in the way of simple pathos, there is the "Lark's Grave," and the "Moorland Child," and the "Land of Long Ago," and a "Fireside Story;" while in that characteristic style of piquant grace and graphic vivacity by which Mr. Westwood is best distinguished, there are such *morceaux* as "Under my Window," and "The Proudest Lady," and "Little Bell," and "Lily on the Hill-top"—the last a capital outburst of youthful spirits and buoyant health, pictured in the tiny maiden's romp with the North Wind himself. Some one "copy of verses" from this Verse-book we must select, to give a taste of its quality, and after due hesitation when only one is admissible *quoad* our space, and so many *quoad* their own merit, we fix on the piece entitled

KITTEN GOSSIP.

Kitten, kitten, two months old,
Woolly snow-ball, lying snug,
Curl'd up in the warmest fold
Of the warm hearth-rug.
Turn your drowsy head this way.
What is life? Oh, Kitten say!

"Life?" said the Kitten, winking her eyes,
And twitching her tail, in a droll surprise—
"Life!—Oh, it's racing over the floor,
Out at the window and in at the door;
Now on the chair-back—now on the table,
Mid balls of cotton and skeins of silk
And crumbs of sugar and jugs of milk,
All so cosy and comfortable.
It's patting the little dog's ears, and leaping
Round him and o'er him while he's sleeping—
Waking him up in a sore affright,
Then off and away, like a flash of light,
Scouring and scampering out of sight.
Life? Oh, it's rolling over and over
On the summer-green turf and budding clover,
Chasing the shadows as fast as they run,
Down the garden-paths in the mid-day sun,
Prancing and gambolling, brave and bold,
Climbing the tree-stems, scratching the mould,
That's Life!" said the Kitten two months old.

Kitten, Kitten, come sit on my knee,
And lithe and listen Kitten to me!
One by one, oh! one by one,
The sly, swift shadows sweep over the sun—
Daylight dieth, and kittenhood's done.
And, Kitten, oh! the rain and the wind;
For cat-hood cometh, with careful mind,
And grave cat-duties follow behind.
Hark! there's a sound you cannot hear;
I'll whisper its meaning in your ear:

Mice!

(The Kitten stared with her great green eyes,

And twitch'd her tail in a queer surprise,—

Mice!

No more tit-bits, dainty and nice;
No more mischief and no more play;
But watching by night and sleeping by day,

Prowling wherever the foe doth lurk—
 Very short commons and very sharp work.
 And, Kitten, oh! the hail and the thunder!
 That's a blackish cloud, but a blacker's under.
 Hark! but you'll fall from my knee, I fear,
 When I whisper that awful word in your ear,

R-r-r-rats!

(The Kitten's heart beat with great pit-pats,
 But her whiskers quivered, and from their
 sheath

Flashed out the sharp, white, pearly teeth.)

R-r-r-rats!

The scorn of dogs, but the terror of cats;
 The cruellest foes and the fiercest fighters;
 The sauciest thieves and the sharpest biters.
 But Kitten, I see you've a stoutish heart,
 So, courage! and play an honest part;

Use well your paws,

And strengthen your claws,

And sharpen your teeth and stretch your
 jaws—

Then woe to the tribe of pickers and stealers,
 Nibblers, and gnawers, and evil dealers!
 But now that you know Life's not precisely
 The thing your fancy pictured so nicely,
 Off and away! race over the floor,
 Out at the window and in at the door;
 Roll on the turf and bask in the sun,
 Ere night-time cometh, and kittenhood's done.

The reader will have admired the highly-
 wrought effect of that mysterious whisper, *Mice!*
 —startling the ear of kittenhood with dim in-
 timations of an eventful future. The condensed
 significance of that monosyllable is a masterly
 hit. But it is nothing to the thrilling revelation
 which follows it—the awful roll, the ruthless re-
 verberation of that other monosyllable—
R-r-r-rats! We warrant, if Mr. Westwood has
 ever recited this piece before a select home cir-
 cle of little ones, that he has been clamorously
 petitioned (the first sensation over and silence
 broken) to repeat the rolling r's, without bating
 a jot of the old emphasis. "*Please do the*
R-r-r-rats over again!" And no wonder.

A SONG OF SPRING.

BY A SURGEON.

Spring's delights are now returning,
 Tree and shrub begin to leave:
 But while the sun at noon is burning,
 The wind is in the East at eve.

Lovely woman, prone to folly,
 Too soon her winter clothing doffs:
 And the doctor makes up jolly
 Lots of draughts for colds and coughs.

Now gentle showers the hedges splash on,
 Each sprig its coat of green renews;
 But greener are those sprigs of fashion
 Who in damp weather wear thin shoes.

They who trust this treacherous season
 Venture out, and take a chill:
 Prudently the man of reason
 Stays within, and takes a pill.—Punch.

NEIGHBOR LONDON TO NEIGHBOR PARIS.

"DEAREST NEIGHBOR,

"Knowing that you were at least well
 satisfied with the hearty welcome and humble fare
 (for I confess it, I cannot cook as you can) offered
 to your distinguished friend on his late visit with
 his very beautiful wife; thinking that it would
 only make us the better friends, the better we
 treated each other's countrymen. — I own I was
 a little hurt when I found myself spoken of in a
 manner, by one of your people, that I do not think
 I quite deserve. Now, mind, my dear PARIS, I
 dwell upon this in the best temper; and with no
 sourness, no ill-will whatever. Besides I know that
 lawyers *will* be abusive; nevertheless, I think
 even the lawyer went a little beyond his profes-
 sional black, when — very properly denouncing
 a very wicked man, by name PIANORI, and by
 trade a shoemaker—the lawyer said,

"But a month ago he left London, that centre of
 the most audacious agitators—of those men whom
 rage and defeat have driven to madness, and who
 have come to such a point that appeal to crime is
 their only means to serve their ambitious designs,
 their material appetites, and their lust for power."

"I confess it, when I found these very hard
 words flung at myself, I did for a moment feel in
 a pucker. What, thought I, and did I do my
 best to receive my Neighbor's exalted friend with
 smiles and cordiality, and am I to be considered
 as a person who harbors the very wickedest of
 persons for the very worst of purposes. I know
 I *am* hospitable; and more than that, I can't and
 won't help it. I know that many and many a
 time, poor hunted, desolate creatures, have al-
 most fallen down upon their knees, ready to kiss
 my threshold; because, when there they were
 safe and sound, although roared and howled after
 as the sea roars and howls at times about my
 dwelling.

"And dear Neighbor, it is not my fault — but
 rather, I think, it is the excellence of my consti-
 tution, which the sea by the by, has ever done
 much to brace and strengthen—if I am alike hos-
 pitable to all sorts of people. Great Kings that
 have left their sceptres behind, and only come to
 me with cotton umbrella—Prime Ministers with
 only the one shirt upon the back turned at a
 minute's notice to their own country — lawyer's
 clerks that have been dictators and have become
 as poor and helpless as lawyer's clerks again.
 All of these have been alike welcomed by me,
 and will be, always and forever. My sky is, I
 know, not as blue as yours! it is so often mixed
 with coal-smoke; and wash as one will, one can-
 not at times help having smutty spots upon one's
 face, — but for all this, the air is very sweet and
 very comforting. Some say, it is the unrestricted-

ed quantity of printers' ink that is used, that, mixing with the atmosphere, makes it mightily welcome.

Now I know, that people will take advantage of this easiness, one's wish to be hospitable. It is the old story of ingratitude, as old as the poison in the frozen snake, brought home to the woodman's fire-place. Still, I will say, that I have always endeavored to preach peace and good manners to the strangers who have sought me. And therefore, am I to be called the nurse of audacious agitators—the patroness of criminals and madmen—the easy looker-on of lunatics, lusting for bulrush sceptres, and diadems of straw! I am sure, your excellent friend who lately visited me has no right to think this of me. I did my best to give him a kind welcome; and began to flatter myself with my success, but—so it is; when a lawyer opens his mouth, even LONDON is not safe.

I know and own that, now and then, I have—I am so hospitable—harbored strangers who have slept away, and gone on board a boat, and made themselves jolly with no end of champagne, and afterwards made a great disturbance when they got to the other side of the sea; but for all that, I do not think that—especially after what's so lately happened, one of your lawyers should be allowed to abuse my kindness, when *certain people*—for I'm above naming names—have years ago done what they pleased with their knees, comforted at my fire-side.

"Now, my dear Neighbor PARIS, —I'm not angry, only a little sad at what your lawyer has said; but I defy his words; and—I can't help it—shall go on in my old way, opening my door to whatever stranger may knock, whether his name be AUGUSTUS CÆSAR, or JOHN SMITH; whether he comes with both his pockets crammed with gold snuff-boxes,—or whether he doesn't bear his own likeness in a sous-worth of copper.

"My dear Neighbor,—Let you and I continue to love one another, and we may defy all lawyers,—though they should go on abusing us, till their tongues were as black as the tongues of Poll Parrots. And so I remain Dearest PARIS,

"Your Affectionate Friend and Neighbor,
LONDON."

"P. S. Talking of gold boxes, and knowing how ready some folks are to take things in huff, I sent to my friend, my own LORD MAYOR, begging him not to think of what your lawyer had said of me, and not by any means—for my own LORD MAYOR is so sensitive—not to send back the gold box with the diamond N. I was much relieved when my own LORD MAYOR sent me word to say that—as for sending back such a box, such a thought would be the last thought in this world to enter such a head."—*Punch*, 19 May.

Essays, Ecclesiastical and Social. Reprinted with Additions, from the Edinburgh Review. By W. J. CONYBEARE, M. A. Longman & Co.

The six essays here enlarged and reprinted afford a sketch in outline of the main social features of the Church of England as seen from the author's point of view, that of a man both liberal and orthodox. The first essay is upon the State of the Church in Wales, a subject full of curious matter, and worthy of very serious attention. The next, upon Church Parties, obtained much attention when it first appeared, and gave, as will be remembered, great matter of outcry to the "exaggerated Evangelical" party, typified by the *Record* newspaper; the columns of that journal yielding to the reviewer matter that suggests now and then a recollection of Sydney Smith's articles on Methodism. The third essay deals with the great question of Ecclesiastical Economy, and enters freely into a discussion of the respective incomes of the dignitary and the curate. Here, we must confess, the author shows more love for the abstract idea of a fat benefice, than we can share with him. The next essay, upon Church rates, advocates their abolition as a tax upon Dissenters, and the formation in each parish of an ecclesiastical system for the management of church affairs by parochial synods and diocesan conventions. Mormons and Teetotallers are the topics of the two succeeding articles, each furnishing illustrations of a fanaticism which the Church, Mr. Conybeare appears to think, if it had more life in its bones, could have controlled. The teetotallers confound, as everybody knows, religion and beer, in the oddest of all jumbles. "Help us," quotes Mr. Conybeare from the Temperance Hymn Book—

"Help us to show each hidden snare,
To rescue custom's slave;
To snatch the drunkard from despair,
And moderate drinkers save."

There is also, we may observe, a Vegetarian hymn book in existence, in which we remember, among others, a hymn not to the object of all hymning, but to the feeders upon beef and mutton, which began—

"Meat eaters! . . . Did you only know
What torments ye inflict."

Mr. Conybeare's essays, though upon grave subjects, are not in any degree heavy in their tone, and will surely be very welcome to the public in their present form.—*Examiner*.

CLOCK INSCRIPTION. — Under the clock in front of the Town Hall in the town of Bala, Merionethshire, North Wales, is the following inscription:

"Here I stand both day and night,
To tell the hours with all my might,
Do you example take by me,
And serve thy God as I serve thee."

From Household Words.

If I succeed in the object I have proposed to myself in this paper, I shall consider that I am entitled to the gratitude of all poets, present and to come. For I shall have found them a new subject for verse: a discovery, I submit, as important as that of a new metal, or of a new motive power, a new pleasure, a new pattern for shawls, a new color, or a new strong drink. No member of the tuneful craft; no gentleman whose eyes are in the habit of rolling in fine frenzy; no sentimental young lady with an album will deny that the whole present domain of poetry is used up:—that it has been surveyed, travelled over, explored, ticketed, catalogued, classified, and analyzed to the last inch of ground, to the last petal of the last flower, to the last blade of grass. Every poetical subject has been worn as threadbare as Sir John Cutler's stockings. The sea, its blueness, depth, vastness, raininess, freedom, noisiness, calmness, darkness, and brightness; its weeds and waves, and finny denizens; its laughter, wailings, sighings, and deep bellowings; the ships that sail, and the boats that dance, and the tempests that howl over it; the white winged birds that skim over its billows; the great whales, and sharks, and monsters, to us yet unknown, that disport themselves in its lowest depths, and swing the scaly horrors of their folded tails in its salt hiding places; the mermaids that wag their tails and comb their tresses in its coral caves; the sirens that sing fathoms farther than plummet ever sounded; the jewels and gold that lie hidden in its caverns, measureless to man; the dead that it is to give up:—the sea, and all appertaining to it, have been sung dry these thousand years. We heard the roar of its billows in the first line of the *Iliad*, and Mr. Sharp, the comic singer, will sing about it this very night at the Tivoli Gardens, in connection with the Gravesend steamer, the steward, certain basins, and a boiled leg of mutton.

As for the Sun, he has had as many verses written about him as he is miles distant from the earth. His heat, brightness, roundness, and smiling face; his incorrigible propensities for getting up in the east and going to bed in the west; his obliging disposition in tipping the hills with gold, and bathing the evening sky with crimson, have all been sung. Every star in the firmament has had a stanza; Saturn's rings have all had their posies, and Mars, Bacchus, Apollo, and Virorum, have all been chanted. As for the poor ill-used Moon, she has been ground on every barrel-organ in Parnassus since poetry existed. Her pallid complexion, chastity or lightness of conduct, treacherous, contemplative or secretive disposition, her silver or sickly smile, have all been over-celebrated in verse. And everything else belonging to the sky—the clouds, murky, purple, or silver lined,

the hail, the rain, the snow, the rainbow, the wind and its circuits, the fowls that fly, and the insects that hover—they have all had their poets, and too many of them.

Is there anything new in poetry, I ask, to be said about Love? Surely that viand has been done to rags. We have it with every variety of dressing. Love and madness; love and smiles, tears, folly, crime, innocence, and charity. We have had love in a village, a palace, a cottage, a camp, a prison and a tub. We have had the loves of pirates, highwaymen, lords and ladies, shepherds and shepherdesses; the Loves of the Angels and the Loves of the New Police. Canning was even good enough to impress the abstruse science of mathematics into the service of Poetry and Love; and to sing about the loves of ardent axioms, postulantes, tangents, oscillation, cissoids, conchoids, the square of the hypothenuse, asymptotes, parabolas, and conic sections—in short, all the Loves of the Triangles. Doctor Darwin gave us the Loves of the Plants, and in the economy of vegetation we had the loves of granite rocks, argillaceous strata, noduled flints, blue clay, silica, chert, and the limestone formation. We have had in connection with love in poetry hearts, darts, spells, wrath, despair, withering smiles, burning tears, sighs, roses, posies, pearls, and other precious stones; blighted hopes, beaming eyes, misery, wretchedness, and unutterable woe. It is too much. Everything is worn out. The whole of the flower-garden, from the brazen sun-flower to the timid violet, has been exhausted long ago. All the birds in the world could never sing so loud or so long as the poets have sung about them. The bards have sung right through Lempriere's Classical Dictionary, Buffon's Natural History, Malte Brun's Geography (for what country, city, mountain, or stream, remains unsung), and the Biographie Universelle. Every hero, and almost every scoundrel, has had his epic. We have had the poetical Pleasures of Hope, Memory, Imagination, and Friendship; likewise the Vanity of Human Wishes, the Fallacies of Hope, and the Triumphs of Temper. The heavenly muse has sung of man's first disobedience, and the mortal fruit of the forbidden tree, that brought Death into the world and all our woes. The honest muse has arisen and sung the Man of Ross. All the battles that ever were fought—all the arms and all the men—have been celebrated in numbers. Arts, commerce, laws, learning, and our old nobility, have had their poet. Suicide has found a member of the Court of Apollo musical and morbid enough to sing self-murder; and the Corn Laws have been rescued from Blue Books, and enshrined in Ballads. Mr. Pope has called upon my lord Bollingbroke to awake, and "expatiate free o'er all this scene of man;" and the pair have, together, passed the whole catalogue of human virtues and vices in review. Drunk-

eness has been sung; so has painting, so has music. Poems have been written on the Art of Poetry. The Grave has been sung. The earth, and the waters under it, and the fearsome region under that; its "adamantine chains and penal fire," its "ever burning sulphur unconsumed," its "darkness visible," its burning marl and sights of terror. We have heard the last lays of all the Last Minstrels, and the Last Man has had his say, or rather his song, under the auspices of Campbell. The harp that once hung in Tam's halls has not a string left, and nobody ought to play upon it any more.

Take instead, oh ye poets, the wires of the Electric Telegraph, and run your tuneless fingers over those chords. Sing the poetry of Railways. But what can there be of the poetical, or even of the picturesque, element in a Railway? Trunk lines, branch-lines, loop-lines, and sidings; cuttings, embankments, gradients, curves, and inclines; points, switches, sleepers, fog-signals, and turn-tables; locomotives, break-vans, buffers, tenders and whistles; platforms, tunnels, tubes, goods-sheds, return-tickets, axle-grease, cattle-trains, pilot-engines, time-tables, and coal-trucks: all these are eminently prosaic matter-of-fact things, determined, measured and maintained by line and rule, by the chapter and verse of printed regulations and bye-laws signed by Directors and Secretaries, and allowed by Commissioners of Railways. Can there be any poetry in the Secretary's office; in dividends, debenture's, scrip, preference-shares, and deferred bonds? Is there any poetry in Railway time—the atrociously matter-of-fact system of calculation that has corrupted the half-past two o'clock of the old watchman into two-thirty? Is Bradshaw poetical? Are Messrs. Pickford and Chaplin and Horne poetical? How the deuce (I put words into my opponent's mouth) are you to get any poetry out of that dreariest combination of straight lines, a railroad:—straight rails, straight posts, straight wires, straight stations, and straight termin.

As if there could be anything poetical about a Railroad! I hear Gusto the great fine art Critic and judge of Literature say this with a sneer, turning up his fine Roman nose meanwhile. Poetry on a Railway! cries Proseycard, the man of business—nonsense! There may be some nonsensical verses or so in the books that Messrs. W. H. Smith & Sons sell at their stalls at the different stations; but Poetry on or in the Railway itself—ridiculous! Poetry on the Rail! echoes Heavypace, the commercial traveller—fudge! I travel fifteen thousand miles by railway every year. I know every line, branch and station in Great Britain. I never saw any poetry on the Rail. And a crowd of passengers, directors, shareholders, engine-drivers, guards, stokers, station-masters, signal-men, and porters, with, I am ashamed to fear, a considerable proportion of the readers of Household Words, seem, to

the ears of my mind, to take up the cry, to laugh scornfully at the preposterous idea of their being possibly any such a thing as poetry connected with so matter-of-fact an institution as a Railway, and to look upon me in the light of a fantastic visionary.

But I have tied myself to the stake; nailed my colors to the mast; drawn the sword and thrown away the scabbard; in fact, I have written the title of this article, and must abide the issue.

Take a Tunnel—in all its length, its utter darkness, its dank coldness and tempestuous windiness. To me a Tunnel is all poetry. To be suddenly snatched away from the light of day, from the pleasant companionship of the fleecy clouds, the green fields spangled with flowers, the golden wheat, the fantastically changing embankments,—now geological, now floral, now rocky, now chalky; the hills, the valleys, and the winding streams; the high mountains in the distance that know they are emperors of the landscape, and so wear purple robes right imperially; the silly sheep in the meadows, that gaze so contentedly, unweeingly that John Hinds the butcher is coming down by the next train to purchase them for the slaughter-house; the little lambs that are not quite up to railway-trains, their noise and bustle and smoke, yet, and that scamper nervously away, carrying their simple tails behind them; the sententious cattle that munch, and lazily watch the steam from the funnel as it breaks into fleecy mugs of vapor, and then fall to munching again; to be hurried from all these into pitchy obscurity, seem to me poetical and picturesque in the extreme. It is like death in the midst of life, a sudden suspension of vitality—the gloom and terror of the grave pouncing like a hawk upon the warmth and cheerfulness of life. Many an ode—many a ballad could be written on that dark and gloomy tunnel—the whirling roar and scream and jar of echoes, the clanging of wheels, the strange voices that seem to make themselves heard as the train rushes through the tunnel,—now in passionate supplication, now in fierce anger and loud invective, now in an infernal chorus of fiendish mirth and demoniac exultation, now in a loud and long-continued though inarticulate screech—a meaningless howl like the ravings of a madman. To understand and appreciate a tunnel in its full aspect of poetic and picturesque horror, you should travel in a third-class carriage. To first and second class passengers the luxury of lamplight is by the gracious favor of the Directors of the company condescendingly extended; and in passing through a tunnel they are enabled dimly to descry their fellow-travellers; but for the third-class voyager darkness both outer and inner are provided—darkness so complete and so intense, that as we are borne invisibly on our howling way, dreadful thoughts spring up in our minds of blindness;

that we have lost our sight for ever! Vainly we endeavor to peer through the darkness, to strain our eyes to descry one ray of light, one outline—be it ever so dim—of a human figure; one thin bead of day upon a panel, a ledge, a window-sill, or a door. Is there not matter for bards in all this?—in the length of the tunnel, its darkness and clamor; in the rage and fury of the engine eating its strong heart, burnt up by inward fire, like a man consumed by his own passions; in the seemingly everlasting duration of the deprival from light and day and life; but a deprival which ends at last. Ah, how glad and welcome that restoration to sunshine is! We seem to have had a sore and dangerous sickness, and to be suddenly and graciously permitted to rise from a bed of pain and suffering, and enter at once into the enjoyment of the rudest health, with all its comforts and enjoyments, with all its cheerful pleasures and happy forgetfulness of the ills that are gone, and unconscious nescience of the ills that are to come, and that must come, and surely.

Whenever I pass through a tunnel I meditate upon these things, and wish heartily that I were a poet, that I might tune my heart to sing the poetry of railway tunnels. I don't know whether the same thoughts strike other people. I suppose they do,—I hope they do. It may be that I muse more on tunnels, and shape their length, and blackness, and coldness and noise, to subjects fit to be wedded to immortal verse; because I happen to reside on a railway, and that almost every morning and evening throughout the week I have to pass through a tunnel of prodigious length,—to say the truth, nearly as long as the Box Tunnel, on the Great Western Railway. Morning and night we dash from the fair fields of Kent,—from the orchards and the hop-gardens,—from the sight of the noble river in the distance, with its boats and barges and huge ships, into this Erebus, pitch dark, nearly three miles long, and full of horrid noises. Sometimes I travel in the lamp-lit carriages, and then I find it poetical to watch the flickering gleams of the sickly light upon shrouded figures, muffled closely in railway rugs and mantles and shawls,—the ladies who cower timidly in corners; the children, who, half-pleased, half-frightened, don't seem to know whether to laugh or cry, and compromise the matter by sitting with their mouths wide open, and incessantly asking why it is so dark, and why there is such a noise. Sometimes, and I am not ashamed to confess, much more frequently, I make my journey in the poor man's carriage—the “parly,” or third class. In that humble “parly” train, believe me, there is much more railway poetry attainable than in the more aristocratic compartments. Total darkness, more noise (for the windows are generally open, and the reverberation consequently much greater), more mocking voices, more mystery, and more romance. I

have even gone through tunnels in those vile open standing-up cars, called by an irreverent public “pig-boxes,” and seemingly provided by railway directors as a cutting reproach on, and stern punishment for, poverty. Yet I have drunk deeply of railway poetry in a “pig-box.” There is something grand, there is something epic, there is something really sublime in the gradual melting away of the darkness into light; in the decadence of total eclipse and the glorious restoration of the sun to his golden rights again. Standing up in the coverless car you see strange, dim, fantastic, changing shapes above you. The daylight becomes irriguous, like dew, upon the steam from the funnel, the roofs of the carriages, the brickwork sides of the tunnel itself. But nothing is defined, nothing fixed: all the shapes are irresolute, fleeting, confused, like the events in the memory of an old man. The tunnel becomes a phantom tube—a dry Styx—the train seems changed into Charon's boat, and the engine-driver turns into the infernal ferryman. And the end of that awful navigation must surely be Tartarus. You think so, you fancy yourself in the boat, as Dante and Virgil were in the Divine Comedy; ghosts cling to the sides, vainly repenting, uselessly lamenting; Francesca of Rimini floats despairing by; far off, mingled with the rattle of wheels, are heard the famine-wrung moans of Ugolino's children. Hark to that awful shrilly, hideous, prolonged yell—a scream like that they say that Catherine of Russia gave on her death-bed, and which, years afterwards, was wont to haunt the memories of those that heard it. Lord be good to us! there is the scream again: it is the first scream of a lost spirit's last agony; the cry of the child of earth waking up into the Ever and Ever of pain; it is Facinata screaming in her sepulchre of flames—no, it is simply the railway whistle as the train emerges from the tunnel into sunlight again. The ghosts vanish, there are no more horrible sights and noises, no flying sparks, no red lamps at intervals, like demon eyes. I turn back in the “pig-box,” and look at the arched entrance to the tunnel we have just quitted. I seemed to fancy there should be an inscription over it bidding all who enter to leave Hope behind; but instead of that there is simply, hard by, a placard on a post relative to cattle straying on the railway.

A railway accident! Ah, poets! how much of poetry could you find in that, were you so minded. Odes and ballads, sapphics, alcaics, and dactyls, strophes, chorusses and semi-chorusses might be sung—rugged poems, rough as the rocky numbers of Ossian; soothing poems, “soft pity to infuse,” running “softly sweet in Lydian measure” upon the woes of railway accidents, the widowhoods and orphanages that have been made by the carelessness of a driver, a faulty engine, an untuned “point,”

a mistaken signal. Think of the bride of yesterday, the first child of our manhood, the last child of our age, think of the dear friend who has been absent for years, who has been estranged from us by those whispering tongues that poison truth, and is coming swiftly along the iron road to be reconciled to us at last. Think of these, all torn from us by a sudden, cruel, unprepared-for death; think of these, falling upon that miserable battle-field, without glory, without foes to fight with, yet with fearfuller, ghastlier hurts, with more carnage and horror in destruction than you could meet with even on those gory Chersonesean battle-fields after storms of shot and shell, after the fierce assaults of the bayonet's steel, and the trampling of the horses, and the stroke of the sharp sword. There are bards to wail over the warrior who falls in the fray, for the horse and his rider blasted by the scarlet whirlwind. There are tears and songs for the dead that the sea engulfs, to cradle them in its blue depths till Time and Death shall be no more. There are elegies and epitaphs and mourning verses for those that sleep in the churchyard, that have laid their heads upon a turf, that eat their salad from the roots, that dwell with worms and entertain creeping things in the cells and little chambers of their eyes. There is poetry even for the murderer on his gibbet; who cares to sing the railway victims? who bids the line restore its dead? who adjurates the engine to bring back the true and brave? They are killed, and are buried; the inquest meet; the jury men give their verdict, and forget all about it two days afterwards. Somebody is tried for manslaughter and acquitted, for, of course, there is nobody to blame! It is all over, and the excursion train, crammed with jovial excursionists, sweethearts, married couples, clubs of gay fellows, laughing children, baskets of frog, bottles of beer, and surreptitious, yet officially connived at, pipes; the engine dressed in ribbons, the stoker—oh, wonder!—in a clean shirt; the excursion train, I say, rattles gaily over the very place where, a month since, the accident took place; over the very spot where the earth drank up blood, and the rails were violently wrenched and twisted, and the sleepers were ensanguined, and death and havoc and desolation were strewn all around, and the wild flowers in the embankment were scalded with the steam from the shattered boiler.

Can you form an idea, poets, of a haunted line? Suppose the same excursion train I was speaking of, to be on its way home, late at night, say from Cripple-gate-super-mare or Buffington Wells. Everybody has enjoyed himself very much—the children are tired, but happy. The bonnets of the married ladies have made their proper impression upon the population of Cripple-gate-super-mare, and they are satisfied with them, their husbands, and themselves. The

married gentlemen have found out of what the contents of the black bottles consisted—they smoke pipes openly now, quite defiant, if not oblivious, of bye-laws and forty-shilling fines. Nobody objects to smoking—not even the asthmatical old gentleman in the respirator and the red comforter—not even the tall lady, with the severe countenance and the green umbrella, who took the mild fair man in spectacles so sharply to task this morning about the mild cigar which he was timidly smoking up the sleeve of his poncho. Even the guards and officials at the stations, do not object to smoking. One whiskered individual of the former class, ordinarily the terror of the humble third-class passenger, whom he, with fierce contempt, designates as “you, sir,” and hauls out of the carriage on the slightest provocation, condescends to be satirical on the smoke subject; he puts his head in at the window, and asks the passengers “how they like it—mild or full flavored?” This is a joke, and everybody, of course, laughs immensely, and goes on smoking unmolested. Bless me! how heartily we can laugh at the jokes of people we are afraid of, or want to cringe to for a purpose.

Surely a merrier excursion train than this was never due at the Babylon Bridge station, at eleven-thirty. Funny stories are told. A little round man, in a grey coat and a hat like a sailor's, sings a comic song seven miles long, for he begins it at one station and ends it at another, seven miles distant. A pretty, timorous widow is heard softly joining in the chorus of “tol de rol lol.” A bilious man, of melancholy mien, hitherto speechless, volunteers a humorous recitation, and promises feats of conjuring after they have passed the next station. Strangers are invited to drink out of strange bottles, and drink. Everybody is willing to take everybody's children on his knee. People pencil down addresses by the lamplight, and exchange them with people opposite, hoping that they shall become better acquainted. The select clubs of jolly fellows are very happy—they even say “rappy.” There is laughing, talking, jesting, courting, and titling. None are silent but those who are asleep. Hurrah for this jovial excursion train, for the Nor-Nor-West by Eastern Railway Company, its cheap fares, and admirable management!

Suppose that just at the spot where this allegro train now is, there occurred the great accident of last July. You remember, the excursion train, through some error, the cause of which was unfortunately never discovered, ran into the luggage train; the driver and stoker of the former were dashed to pieces—thirty-three persons were killed or wounded. Suppose some man of poetical temperament, of fantastic imagination, of moody fancies, were in the carriage of this merry train to-night, looking from the window, communing with the yellow moon-

light, the light clouds placidly floating along the sea of heaven, as if sure of a safe anchorage at last. He knows the line, he knows the place where that grim accident was—he muses on it—yes; this was the spot, there laid the bodies.

Heavens and earth! suppose the line were haunted! Sec, from a siding comes slowly, noiselessly along the rails, the PHANTOM TRAIN! There is no rattle of wheels, no puffing and blowing of the engine, only, from time to time, the engine whistle is heard in a fitful, murmuring, wailing gust of sound; the lamps in front burn blue, sickly lambent flames leap from the funnel and the furnace door. The carriages are lamp-lit too, but with corpse-candles. The carriages themselves are mere skeletons—they are all shattered, dislocated, ruined, yet, by some deadly principle of cohesion, they keep together, and through the interstices of their cracking ribs and frame-work you may see the passengers. Horrible sight to see! Some have limbs bound up in splinters, some lie on stretchers, but they have all faces and eyes; and the eyes and the faces, together with the phantom guard with his lantern, from which long rays of ghastly light proceed; together with the phantom driver, with his jaw bound up; the phantom stoker, who stokes with a mattock and spade, and feeds the fire as though he were making a grave; the phantom commercial travellers wrapped in shrouds for railway rugs; the pair of lovers in the first-class coupe, locked in the same embrace of death in which they were found after the accident, the stout old gentleman with his head in his lap, the legs of the man the rest of whose body was never found, but who still has a face and eyes, the skeletons of horses in the horse-boxes, the stacks of coffins in the luggage-vans (for all is transparent, and you can see the fatal verge of the embankment beyond, through the train). All these sights of horror flit continually past, up and down, backwards and forwards, haunting the line where the accident was.

But, ah me! these are, perhaps, but silly fancies after all. Respectability may be right, and there may be no more poetry in a railway than in my boots. Yet I should like to find poetry in everything, even in boots. I am afraid railways are ugly, dull, prosaic, straight; yet the line of beauty, honest Hogarth tells us, is a curve, and curves you may occasionally find on the straightest of railways—and where beauty is, poetry, you may be sure of it, is not far off. I am not quite sure but you may find it in ugliness too, if there be anything beautiful in your own mind.

THE GRAVES OF ATTLA AND ALARIC.—Attila died in 453, and was buried in the midst of a vast plain, in a coffin, the first covering of which was of gold, the second of silver, and the third

of iron. Along with the body were buried all the spoils of his enemies, harnesses enriched with gold and precious stones, rich stuffs, and the most valuable articles taken from the palaces of the kings which he had pillaged; and that the place of his interment might not be known, the Huns put to death, without exception, all those who had assisted in his funeral. The Goths had previously done the same for Alaric, who died in the year 410, at Cosenza, a city of Calabria. They turned for some days the course of the river Vaso, and having caused a trench to be dug in its former channel, where the stream was usually most rapid, they buried the king there along with immense treasures. They put to death all those who had assisted in digging the grave, and restored the stream to its former bed.—*Godfrey.*

FAMILY PROSPECTS.

WHAT a blessing for England! the Whigs keep their place
To save her from danger and perhaps from disgrace!
How thankful must Brown, Jones, and Robinson feel
At hearing the Whigs will remain *en famille*;

What a comfort to know the Insignia of State
Are secured with the rest of the family plate;
To know that the national purse for some moons
Is safely bestowed with the family spoons;

How the tact of Charles Wood will in future enhance
The cordial alliance of England and France;
What tremors will run through the Muscovite host
When they hear that Fred Peel will remain at his post!

The Lord of Panmure what blasphemers can doubt
Resembles Lord Chatham, at least in his gout;
And, if we conclude that with battles we've done,
He'll shoulder his crutches and show how they're won.

How Titoff will tremble to think he may meet
On a second occasion John Russell and suite,
With some precedent drawn from historical lore
Which he may not have read up in Goldsmith before.

By John's perorations the Czar will be floored,
His ports called "a menace," his armies "a horde;"

While Pam in the House will exhibit his nerve
By routing the Czar with his paper "Reserve."

Last prospect of all, should it come to the worst,
And we're foiled at the end as we've failed from the first,
The aforesaid old Premier—that humorist grey—
Will treat it as fun in his own pleasant way.

What a blessing to think, then, the Whigs keep their place
To save us from danger and perhaps from disgrace!
How thankful should Brown, Jones, and Robinson feel
At hearing the Whigs will remain *en famille*.
The Press, 19 May.

From Punch 12th May.

BAITING THE NINEVEH BULL.

GONE are the days of the bull-ring at Birmingham,

Stamford and Tutbury gather no more
Curs, clubs, and blackguards (as we'd be for
terming 'em)

In the bull-runings, so famous of yore.
Matador, Picador, Paris can't stomach ye,—

Spite of an EMPRESS of *sangre azul*;
Only our Commons still keep up tauromachy,
Baiting with war-dogs the Nineveh Bull.

Muse, who the garden which bears once were
baited in

Erst did'st preside over, under QUEEN BESS,
Thence to the Commons' bear-garden translated, in.

—Spire me with words fit the theme to express.

Tell who the dogs were, and who were their
masters,—

Who bark'd the loudest where all bark'd so
loud—

Who round the ring threw up highest their
castors—

Tell how the bull was a bull,—and not cowl.

LINDSAY, the led dog, and NORTH, the high-bred
dog,

Ever for barking, not biting, agape;

KNOX, the numb-skull dog, and FRED PEEL, the
dull dog,

Tugg'd to the ring by a leash of red-tape.

BARING, the rich dog, and BYNG (although
which dog,

The bull or the poodle, I doubt very much.

If 'twas the bull, he behaved like a poodle,
If 'twas the poodle, he acted as such.)

Bettors and backers, excited and lowering,

Lustily cheer'd 'em, and hounded them on;

But with horns pointed, and red eye aglow-
ring,

Bull kept his ground, though 'twas twenty
to one.

While PAM bottle-holder who may grow older,

But ne'erless jaunty or devil-may-care,—

Crack'd his jokes round, with his thumb o'er
his shoulder,

Happy-go-lucky, his nose in the air.

KNOX made a rush, but a lick from the mace,
Sir,

Of grave MR. SPEAKER, sent him yelping
back:

LINDSAY tried pinning, but there was no win-
ning

A grip of the bull by a cur of the pack.

Donnybrook fight, Sir, ne'er showed such a
sight, Sir,

Of howling and growling, and pushing and
pull,—

Ne'er was so much of bark to so little of bite,
Sir,

Since a dog was a dog, and a bull was a bull.

* The Empress has the true "blue blood" of
the Spanish Grandee in her veins.

Ended the match was, though never a scratch
was

To see on the bull, at the close of the fray:
Cads with huzzinga spent, curs hoarse with
baying, went

Clubwards, and kennelwards, glorious, away.
But though their pack, Sir, the Commons may
back, Sir,

Though of his clap-traps and jokes, PAM be
full,

Public opinion asserts its dominion,

Giving its voice for the Nineveh Bull.

One praise is his—in these days 'tis no slight
one—

Straight at his foe he goes, never askew:

Now and then wrong dog he may toss for right
one,

Horns will swerve sometimes, when laid the
most true.

So his Nineveh name-sake JOHN BULL for his
aim's sake

Excuses, if wrong in an instance he go;

For he knows, though PAM's thunder be hurled
at the blunder,

What it would crush, is the Truth hid below.

THE DEN DOWN UPON LAYARD.

WHAT may that frantic uproar mean; groans,
hootings, shrieks, and howls,

The snarl and bark of angry curs, the screams
of carrion fowls?

What makes St. Stephen's walls resound with
cries more dire and dread,

Than you ever hear in the Regent's Park when
the animals are fed?

LAYARD in eager zeal the mask from jobbery to
strip,

Mistaken on a point of fact, has chanced to
make a slip,

So down the vultures swoop on him, the ravens
and the crows,

The wolves, jackals, and poodle dogs of State,
that are his foes.

The little foxes snap at him for showing up the
Whigs;

In angry chorus round him grunt and squeak
official pigs;

With threatening horns and bullying roar the
stalled placeman-ox

Assails him; BERKELEY groans at him, and
bellows COLONEL KNOX.

"He's down; and now set on him; at him
LINDSAY, at him BYNG;

Before the public teach him names of gentle-
men to bring;

Give it him well; pitch into him; to lesson
other snobs

In caution how they venture on exposing army-
jobs.

"Down, down upon him, PALMERSTON, with
final crushing stroke!

His is a mouth that must be stopped; a voice
that you must choke,

Take we the opportunity that Fortune kindly
sends,
Kick him, and hit him hard; he has among
ourselves no friends!"

"Friends!" to the yell within the House, an
echo from without
Repeats, and thrice ten millions "Friends"
unanimously shout;
"Hit LAYARD? hit him if ye dare! avast,
dishonest crew,
Humbugs, get out and make room for a better
man than you!"

A FALSE GENIUS.

I SEE a spirit by thy side,
Purple winged and eagle eyed
Looking like a Heavenly guide.

Though he seems so bright and fair,
Ere thou trust his proffered care,
Pause a little, and beware!

If he bid thee dwell apart,
Tending some ideal snarl
In a sick and coward heart;

In self-worship wrapped alone,
Dreaming thy poor griefs are grown
More than other men have known;

Dwelling in some cloudy sphere,
Though God's work is waiting here,
And God deigneth to be near;

If his torch's crimson glare
Show thee evil everywhere,
Tainting all the wholesome air;

While with strange distorted choice,
Still disdaining to rejoice,
Thou wilt hear a wailing voice;

If a simple, humble heart,
Seem to thee a meaner part,
Than thy noblest aim and art;

If he bid thee bow before
Crowned mind and nothing more,
The great idol men adore;

And with starry veil enfold
Sin, the trailing serpent old,
Till his scales shine out like gold;

Though his words seem true and wise,
Soul, I say to thee, Arise,
He is a Demon in disguise!

Household Words.

BY GONES

BY CALDER CAMPBELL.

THE palm-trees of the East no more give out
Their morning wine to slack my thirst: I see
No lemon-bowers, where bright birds every
tree
Stud with quaint hanging nests; and all about,
Jasmine runs, fragrant—like an acolyte
Scattering sweet incense from rich censers
white.

The choleric squirrel on my path no more
Dashes the ripe guavas from the bough,
Where the green parrot screams discordant lore,
And silvery lizards flit where fire-flies glow
In the fast-falling twilight. From the shrine,
Where lamps burn dim; no shadow crosses
mine!

The sound of soft kitar, by fingers dear
Struck gently in the dusk by some fair stream,
I hear not now—nor voice beloved and clear,
Murmuring like bees in some sweet honey-
dream;

Nor midst the dark waves of thy fragrant hair
Bathe I my tremulous hands in transport there!

All past—all gone! joys of an early time
When youth in India was one long, bright
day

Of health and happiness, and love—sublime,
By reason of its pure and earnest ray!

All past—all gone—all but a grave below
The palm-trees, where by night the fire flies
glow!—*Chambers' Journal.*

REMINISCENCE OF THE POET CAMPBELL.—
Some five-and-twenty years ago I went to dine at
a friend's house. On entering the drawing room,
I found that the object of attraction was an al-
bum, which had been presented that morning
to the young lady of the house. Her name was
Florine, and the lines were as follows:

"TO FLORINE.

"Could I recall lost youth again,
And be what I have been,
I'd court you in a gallant strain,
My young and fair Florine.

"But mine's the chilling age that chides,
Affection's tender glow;
And Love—that conquers all besides—
Finds Time a conquering foe.

"Farewell! we're parted by our fate,
As far as night from noon.
You came into the world so late,
And I depart so soon!"—T. C.

Dinner was announced; and ere it was half
over, a loud knock was heard at the door, and
Mr. Campbell came into the dining room some-
what excited, and making many apologies for
intruding. He was asked to join the party, but
he declined; and merely begged to see the al-
bum, as there was an error in the verses which
he wished to correct. The album was brought;
and taking from his waistcoat pocket a small pen-
knife, he proceeded to erase the word "parted"
in the first line of the stanza, and substituted
for it "severed;" which, from the occurrence of
the word "depart" in the last line, of course
improved the verses: the repetition having evi-
dently haunted his poetic ear. The correction
made Mr. Campbell take a hasty leave; he
had another engagement, and could not stay.

The lines were published, I believe, in the
New Monthly Magazine, of which Campbell
was then editor; but I have never seen them
in his collected poems.—*Notes and Queries.*

From Chambers' Journal.

PROBABLY no artist in the world ever saw so strange a public assembled, as that which surrounded me here on the 6th of October, 1854. In the hall which, for the occasion, was transformed into a concert-room, the natives formerly worshipped their idols; here, the queen had the false gods burned; here, a French court-martial sentenced the rebel islanders who could not reconcile themselves to a protectorate they had not sought; and here, in spotless London attire, stood I as the herald of the West, and tried with my fiddle to give some of those notions of modern European civilization to the children of nature, from which Providence until now had kindly preserved them. To the right, surrounded by tropical plants, sat the French governor and his lady, and a crowd of officers in glittering regimentals; to the left, a box was constructed of palm-mats, decorated with gaudy chintz, for the barefooted queen and her court; the rest of the hall was filled with the strange figures of the natives, whose ears were as yet unaccustomed to any other music than the warbling of the birds.

I stepped forth, bowed to the audience, and opened the concert; but it took some time before I could make it understood that at a concert the public have nothing to do but to listen. The natives did not at all seem to be aware of this fact; they chattered so loud, that I had frequently to break off and begin over again.

I played *Othello*, by Ernst, but probably a thrilling cornet-a-piston, accompanied by drums, would have afforded more pleasure to the brown islanders than my fiddling; for with the exception of some friendly European hands, not a finger was moved by my performance. The piece was finished without having been interrupted by any sign of applause—never in my life had I felt so little appreciated as here. The queen, leading a young boy by the hand, now appeared with her ladies-in-waiting, fantastically clad, but all of them barefooted, and very curious about the things they were to witness.

The first musical celebrity of Tahiti, Mr. Camieux, chief of the French military band, a broad-chested giant, now came forward, and played a piece on the flute. He told me later that it was the cavatina from *Ernani*; and I might perhaps have recognized it, had not the stout flute-player, in spite of his physical exertions, failed to produce at least one-half of his notes. The artist in stepping forward, respectfully kissed the hand of the lady of the governor—an act of French loyalty which, though an insult to Queen Pomare and her court, was more pardonable than his interminable performance. He would not stop, in spite of all the signs I could make. I saw, to my great dismay, the yawning queen rise from her seat; the children of nature, whose ears were now so severely taxed, began to leave the hall, and all my illu-

sions of Tahitian knighthood, reputation, and immortality vanished. Pomare, in fact, without having heard me, left the hall, expelled, I felt sure, by the dreadful flute. After I had calmed my excited mind as well as I could, I again commenced. I gathered all my strength, and played sentimental love-tunes and eccentric variations, but all in vain!—no sign of pleasure, no clapping of hands, no encoring: the brown islanders remained as unmoved as ever.

Failure and disgrace staring me in the face, I adopted a bold resolution. "Save me humbug!" thought I; and with real wrath I tore three strings from my fiddle, and on the G cord alone I played the *Carnival*. My trick took; a whisper of surprise was heard; the natives became attentive; they approached me, and with every new passage, principally where I imitated the flute, they began to cheer in a way which would have been impossible to any civilized audience. Encouraged by the enthusiasm, I began to extemporize; and the quainter my variations grew, the louder became the cheers of my barefooted admirers, who did not leave the hall until, wearied with the exertion, my arm could no longer manage the fiddle-stick.

All Tahiti was in a tremendous excitement after my concert. Everybody spoke of the foreign fiddler who had come across the seas, and could whistle on the fiddle like a bird. Flowers and fruits are sent to my hotel; and when I play in my room, a crowd of admirers gather under my windows; everybody greets me when I go out—I am the lion of Tahiti.

A few days after, I was invited by the governor to a dinner-party. All the consuls and foreign agents were present, for it was the birthday of the governor. Even a deputation of natives, who had come to congratulate the French general, were, to my greatest amusement, invited to the feast. They were clad in the European way, even to the stiff shirt-collars and kid-gloves, but they retained the nakedness of their feet. European civilization reached only to their ankles. It was amusing to see how those gentlemen endeavored to imitate the manners of their hosts, and how they managed the knives, forks, and napkins. Every new dish put them into new difficulties; and a capital plum pudding, the delight of the white guests, astonished the internals of one of the brown islanders to such a degree, that he had to leave the table.

* This relation is given by the musician himself in a letter to one of his friends. Mishka Hauser is a Hungarian violinist, apparently fond of adventures; for after finding his way to California, where he was very successful in his calling, in September last he set out for Australia. In crossing the Pacific, however, he paid a visit to the natives of Tahiti; and in this island, whose first step in civilization was made about thirty years ago, he tried his luck with a fashionable concert. Our readers, we have no doubt, will be well pleased to hear the result as communicated by himself.

And how should French cookery be accepted to those natives, who, only forty years ago, used to eat their enemies? Not half a century has elapsed since that epoch, and now a European violinist fiddles the *Carnival* to them! The march of civilization is indeed rapid!

But it is not only Euterpe who has been introduced to Tahiti, Thalia has accompanied her sister. The French officers, after dinner, performed Moliere's *Bourgeois Gentilhomme*, to the amusement of the governor, though not to mine. I got so tired that I left the party and went into the garden, to admire the gorgeousness of vegetation. The French, who have introduced all kinds of European refinement, have transformed this garden into a fairy grove. All the plants and flowers attain here to an extraordinary size and perfection. The roses especially, surpass in hue and fragrance everything I ever saw; nature appears clad in her gaudiest garb. Parrots glitter in the rays of the sun; the humming-bird is buzzing round the flowers of the aloe; deep-colored butterflies, of the largest size, flutter around the roses; but swarms of gnats and gigantic bats, and sometimes a snake, remind us that the peculiar charms of the tropics are accompanied by peculiar nuisances.

The garden was open to the natives, whom I found assembled, some in European attire, others in hardly any attire, and all amusing themselves with gymnastic games and animated dancing.

Their dances are very peculiar. The girls, with flowing hair, richly decorated with wreaths of flowers, but otherwise not much encumbered with dress, whirl round with the utmost rapidity, until they sink exhausted on the sand, where they remain motionless, unless the entreaties of some dancer induce the fair one to start anew. In this case, up she darts, and with graceful leaps whirls round until she falls again. But woe to the male dancer who falls! All the girls gather round, pour water on him, pelt him with cocoapels, laugh at him, and at last make a terrible noise on cow-horns; but, compelled by custom, he must submit with a good grace to all these insults.

I was peculiarly interested by a female snake-charmer, who had a boa-constrictor twisted round her body, which seemed to understand every word of its mistress. The girl ordered it to pluck a rose, and the reptile plucked it, and handed it to her in the most caressing manner!

The queen was likewise invited, but she did not come. Pomare avoids, as far as possible, all contact with the French, and particularly with the lady of the governor; it was on account of her, and not of the flute-player, that she left my concert so soon: so I was informed by the missionary who is her chaplain.

The evening began already to spread its dark

shadows over the mountains and flowery valleys of Tahiti, when I left the palace of the governor; the deep-blue sky of the tropics was studded with stars; a fragrant breeze gently moved the gloomy cypresses, and stately palms, whose crowns of leaves waved gently in the air; the petals of the flowers, which had drooped towards the earth in the heat of the sun, rose once more refreshed by the evening dew; glow-worms glittered with trembling light in the dark-green orange thickets; and the silvery light of the moon illumined the magic scene, the beauty of which could not be conceived even by the most powerful imagination. Plunged in thought, I pursued a path towards the heights, through blooming cactuses and aloes, and under gigantic palm-trees, when suddenly, on the slope of a palm-grove, I observed a large building, from which came the sound of the organ and singing. This was the Roman Catholic church, the first in Tahiti, formerly an idol-temple. Thirty-five large columns, stems of the breadfruit-tree, support the building, the nave of which was decorated with flower wreaths. On the master-altar I saw a picture of the Madonna; a priest read the mass; natives knelt on the steps of the altar; boys and girls, clad in white garments, sang to the sound of the melancholy organ. Soon after, the priest, an old man, began to preach in the Tahitian language; a native followed him, and spoke enthusiastically of the blessings of faith.

The next day my ardent wish was fulfilled. The governor sent me word that Queen Pomare had expressed a desire to hear me, and I had immediately to put myself in readiness. At three o'clock, P. M., just when the heat of the sun was most oppressive, I went forth, accompanied by the chaplain of the queen, through the streets of Tahiti. A half-naked islander carried my violin-box, whilst the missionary instructed me in the court-ceremonial of the queen. We reached the shore, embarked in a canoe, and were rowed to the isle Papitee, the residence of her majesty. It is impossible to imagine a more charming picture than this green island: on one shore, studded with houses and gardens; on the other, bordered by a steep coral-reef, on which the waves of the Pacific break in majestic succession.

We reached the house of the queen by a path leading through a palm-grove, the outskirts of which are occupied by the huts of the natives. The royal residence resembles a European house, with large windows and a balcony; a gilt crown on the top designates it as the dwelling of the brown queen. A guardsman, with musket and heavy sword, in handsome regimentals, but barefooted, was pacing to and fro before the door with military gravity. We gave him a piece of money, and he immediately became very serviceable, and opened the gate for us. The missionary proceeded direct to the queen, to announce my arrival, while I had to stop in the

waiting-room on the ground-floor, where there was no other furniture than a long table, on which lay asleep a stout man in very primitive costume. Awakened by the noise I involuntarily made, he yawned, put on a green dress-coat, and girded himself with a rusty sword, seemingly much astonished at the intrusion of a foreigner. From his diplomatic look, I could not doubt that the chamberlain, or perhaps one of the ministers of her majesty, stood before me. I bowed accordingly, but when he was about to enter into conversation with me, the missionary summoned me to the queen. I followed him, first through a long passage, decorated with arms and trophies; then through an apartment in which the ladies-in-waiting were dressing without heeding us. I had here to tune my violin, and, armed with fiddle and bow, I was introduced into the next room, to the presence of the queen.

Pomare sat on palm-mats, in an apartment adorned with chintz, but scantily furnished. A badly painted picture hung on the wall behind her; two ladies-in-waiting squatted at her side, and fanned her with ostrich-feathers. Pomare, about thirty-six years old, is rather tall; her frame noble and well shaped; and her deportment not without majesty. Her features, full of expression, show traces of great beauty, though her thick lips and yellowish-brown complexion detract from the effect. Her rich dark hair was confined on the top of the head by a large comb, and her brow was adorned with a simple gold circle. Her muslin robe of light-blue color, wide on the shoulders, and drawn close round her waist, reached scarcely beyond her knees; her arms and feet were bare, adorned with corals and shells; and her great-toe was dyed of a red hue, and encircled with gold rings.

Not to infringe upon Tahitian etiquette, I

bowed as low as possible, and then began the concert with a few simple melodies; but Pomare did not listen, carrying on a loud conversation with her ladies. I was much disappointed, and thought soon I had better go; but to try my luck, I struck up variations on *Yankee Doodle*. She seemed to know it—nodded—and was soon so charmed, that she sent for her two children, who became, indeed, a most satisfactory audience. The prince-royal, a little fellow, began to clap his hands; and the princess, about thirteen years old, danced to the music, much to the delight of the queen, at whose order the doors were thrown open, and all the court assembled round me.

The royal consort, a gigantic islander, appeared barefooted, like all the rest of the courtiers, and began to touch my hands, my bow, my fiddle, so that I could scarcely continue to play. I was at length so much squeezed by the crowd, that I began to have serious apprehensions for the safety of my instrument; but Pomare soon dismissed her court, and remained alone with me. She wished to examine my violin, touched the strings, and then returned the instrument. I now played a Tahitian melody, which seemed to please her much. She asked whether I came from France; and when I told her I was not a Frenchman, she shook my hand and whispered: "I do not like those fellows." Of course she has reason enough not to like them, since they have deprived her of her power, and reduced her to mere nominal royalty. She now untied a small gold cross from her necklace of corals, and handed it to me, with the words "Take this as a keepsake from Pomare." I bowed once more to her majesty; and, accompanied by the missionary, left the royal residence and the island Papitoe. I shall never forget my visit to Tahiti. To-morrow, I sail for Australia.

WHO WAS THOMAS À KEMPIS?—Mr. Disraeli, in a recent sitting of the House of Commons, asked, "Who was Thomas à Kempis?" and an honorable and learned gentleman gave the profound answer, "He was Thomas à Kempis." The same great authority, if asked "Who was the man in the iron mask?" would no doubt answer that he was the man who wore the mask of iron; and he would consider the reply as perfectly satisfactory. But our object in referring to the Thomas à Kempis affair is, to inform Mr. Disraeli and his honorable colleague of a fact of which neither seem to be aware—and that is, that Thomas à Kempis, whoever he was, was *not* the author of the famous 'Imitation of Jesus Christ.' The authorship of that extraordinary work was ascribed to him, because the oldest manuscript of it known to be extant was signed by him: but it has now been ascertained,

beyond all reasonable doubt, that he only put his name to it as copyist, not as author; and that the real author of the work was the learned John Gerson, who was one of the most celebrated theologians of his day, and who was for some time Chancellor of the University of Paris.

THE PRIVILEGED DRUNKARD AMONG THE TURKS.—"A Turk who falls down in the street overtaken with wine, and is arrested by the guard, is sentenced to the *bastinado*: this punishment is repeated as far as the third offence, after which he is reputed incorrigible, and receives the title of *imperial drunkard*, or *privileged drunkard*. If after that he is taken up, and in danger of the *bastinado*, he has only to name himself, to mention what part of the town he inhabits, and to say he is a *privileged drunkard*; he is then released, and sent to sleep upon the hot ashes of the baths."—*Poqueville*, p. 219

From Fraser's Magazine.

AN alliance between America and Russia—the country which claims to be the model republic (a just claim, too, considering the fate of all other republican governments in modern times,) and the country whose pride and essence it is to be the stand-point and bulwark of despotism—an alliance of America with semi-barbarous Russia, against civilized England and France—the idea seems monstrous and incredible!

And yet, though the probabilities of such an alliance have been openly discussed, or attracted general attention within a year or two only, its possibility has not escaped the notice of acute thinkers at a much more remote period. Among various political speculators who have touched on this topic, we shall merely instance that shrewd observer of human nature, Judge Haliburton, who alluded not obscurely to such a possibility at least fifteen years ago; though the subsequent phases of French politics have introduced into the subject complications which neither he nor any one else could then foresee.

In all political reasonings, *a priori* theoretical conclusions are dangerous or impossible. However consistent in the abstract they may be, interest, passion, or even the accident of personal caprice, introduce endless practical modifications of them. Theory cost the Stuarts their throne; theory has been the bane of almost all modern French politicians. What can be a greater theoretical anomaly than a slaveholding republic? Or what amount of abstract reasoning could lead us to the almost invariable conclusion of historical experience, that a republic tyrannizes over its colonies and dependencies? Who could have supposed beforehand that the head of the Romish Church would be invaded, besieged, imprisoned, by his co-religionists and theoretical subjects? Yet every well-informed schoolboy knows how

The black bands came over
The mountains of snow;
With Bourbon, the rover,
They crossed the broad Po.

Bourbon, the rover, was a Romanist; so were the majority of his soldiers marching upon the Eternal City.

Her streets were all gory,
Her Tiber all red,
And her temples so hoary
Did clang with their tread—

the tread of Catholic soldiers seizing the kingdom, and seeking the life of their spiritual sovereign. And in later days it was Napoleon I., a *soi-disant* Romanist, who put under restraint the Pontiff of the Romish Church, from which restraint England, the foremost champion of the Protestant faith, helped to release him. Still more recently the same locality furnished a different but no less striking illustration of our proposition, when the new French republic

put down the new Roman republic to re-instate an absolute ruler.

If, therefore, we remark a decided pro-Russian sympathy on the part of any large or influential portion of the American people, however inconsistent or abhorrent the idea of such a union may appear, no such reflection should hinder us from examining the causes of that sympathy, and the probabilities of its further development.

Now the existence of this sympathy is a glaring fact not to be denied or overlooked by any one, conversant with American affairs. What, then, are its causes?

They may be generally classed under two broad heads; first, sources of positive dislike to the Anglo-French alliance; secondly, reasons negatively of non-aversion, or positively of inclination towards Russia.

The ill-feeling prevalent among a large class of the American population towards England is an old and melancholy story, too familiar, alas! to the best disposed men of both countries. It is a sad instance of the sins of the fathers being visited upon the children. We will not dwell upon it now, our attention being more particularly demanded by the recent remarkable change of feeling on the part of America towards France, a change the extent of which is probably not appreciated in Western Europe, even in the country which is the direct object of it.

The friendship of America and France, which dates from the days of Franklin and Lafayette, from the first existence of the former nation, in fact, continued with scarcely an interruption down to 1852. It is true that the Federal party, and Washington himself, had no strong proclivity that way—rather the reverse, indeed. But the Federalists were soon overwhelmed and politically annihilated, and their successors in opposition, the Whigs, did not inherit their anti-Gallican tendencies. A cordial sympathy between the two countries, stronger at some times than at others, sometimes clouded but never broken, prevailed until the establishment of the present French *regime*. Since then the American popular sentiment has undergone a complete change, which is nevertheless susceptible of obvious and sufficient explanation.

The dynasty of Louis Philippe was exceedingly popular in America. As a fugitive prince he had been cherished and respected there; as a king he had gratefully remembered the scene of his early wanderings; and it was generally believed (with what foundation we are unable to say) that he had given a practical proof of his belief in American institutions by making large purchases of real estate in more than one of the Atlantic cities. Americans were always well received at his court, and in return, those of his family who visited the western shores of the Atlantic were received with every manifes-

tation of honor; it may be observed, too, that they seem to have enjoyed their reception in simple good faith, and to have entered into no calculations on the feasibility of bombarding New York, or the best place for landing an invading force in the vicinity of Boston. A Franco-American alliance against the other civilized powers was the dream of many French and many American politicians during a considerable portion of the Orleans reign. The King's ministers were generally philo-Americans, and among the most zealous and ostentatious admirers of the King and his court was usually to be found the American ambassador. All sorts of republican functionaries, from General Cass down to Consul Grund, joined in chanting the praises of the Monarch of July. No Spanish-marriage question interfered to disturb these friendly relations; and the slight indemnity difficulties of 1836 were soon adjusted and forgotten.

When, therefore, the present Emperor signalled his advent to power by a direct act of hostility and persecution toward the Orleans family, it was inevitable that the Americans, who are a people of strong personal attachments (this must never be lost sight of in any speculations concerning them,) should, *ipso facto*, conceive a strong dislike towards him.

After this it may seem paradoxical when we go on to state that the French Emperor is *also* unpopular in America for having put down the French republic. Yet this is strictly true. For the idea prevalent among the mass of the American people was somewhat to this effect, that the Orleans dynasty was a very good thing in its time, but destined to make room for something better—namely, a republic. We do not stop to discuss the rationality of such an idea; we only note its existence as a well-ascertained fact. Even the wiser Americans, who saw from the first what a ricketty and unworkable affair the Republic of '48 was, were disgusted with the *manner* of its extinction. This the English reader can perfectly appreciate, since a similar feeling, quite as strong, was all but universal in England at the time. Since then, to be sure, there has been a great change, but who shall say how far the flattering attitude assumed by his Majesty towards England has been instrumental in producing it? In America, no such modifying cause having intervened, the original sentiment of dislike remains in full force.

But moreover the Emperor had an *antecedent* transatlantic unpopularity. He too, when a Prince, had been an exile in America. His sojourn there lasted only a few months, but in that short time he contrived to accumulate a most undesirable reputation. Various reasons have been assigned for this; among others it is alleged that one of his numerous cousins was travelling through the United States about the

same time, and that some of his escapades were put down to the discredit of the Napoleon. Be this as it may, it is certain that while some members of the family—such as the Murats, and the late Count de Survilliers (Joseph,) not to mention the American branch of the Jeromes—have always enjoyed a high degree of respect and popularity in America, the present Emperor left behind him a very different impression. In short, when we affirm that he is more unpopular, personally, on the other side of the ocean, than the late King was popular, we are saying a great deal, but not a whit more than the truth.

Whether it be the case or not that the Emperor, fully sensible of this feeling, has not been slow to retaliate it; that he is personally ill-inclined towards the American republic and that his court generally manifests a disposition to slight the American visitors and residents in Paris, whether in a private or public capacity,—whether this be so or not (and we do not pretend to have the means of coming to an accurate decision on this point of fact,) it is certain that a very general impression to this effect prevails in America—an impression so strong that its consequences are tantamount to what those of the reality would be.

That the French refugees in America do their best to aggravate this state of feeling will naturally occur to the reader. Still more embittered are the Italian exiles, but theirs is a hostility not merely to the Emperor, but to the whole French name and nation, ever since the last French interference in Italian affairs. These Red Republicans however, whether French or Italian, are so comparatively few in number, and so positively insignificant in the elements of political strength, that their influence would amount to nothing on any question *where they met with serious opposition*; but, meeting no such opposition, their voices help to swell the public clamour in one direction.*

The Cuban question might perhaps be introduced here, but its more appropriate place seems to be under our second head.

We come then to the motives, negative or positive, directly influencing the Americans with reference to Russia. First of all, as to the negative, is the important consideration that the two governments have never had the

*It may be suspected that we are guilty of an omission in not noticing here another class of expatriated patriots, the Irish refugees or emigrants, whose blatant hostility would naturally lead them to assail England's ally. But we are convinced that the bark (or bray) of this class of agitators is very much worse than their bite, and that, though a desire to catch Irish votes may lead many demagogues to treat them with an absurd amount of deference, their real influence on the foreign policy of the country bears a very small ratio to the noise they make.

slightest difficulty, either on questions of national policy or individual right. No American citizen has ever had a complaint to make against the Russians. No diplomatist in *off*, *in* or *oi*, ever gave an American statesman the opportunity of furnishing a pendant to the Hulsemann letter on the Kosta correspondence. And while the Allies have often either threatened to come, or actually come, into collision with the United States on their own side of the Atlantic, Russia has removed all suspicion of such danger on her part at the only possible point of contact, by voluntarily offering to sell her American territory at no extravagant price. Nor has the Slavonic Empire ever interfered with the annexatory tendencies of the Western Republic. On the contrary, she has rather encouraged them. Division of the spoils is exactly her favorite principle. "You take Egypt, and let me take Turkey," was her language to England. "You take Cuba, or whatever else you like in this hemisphere, and let me take what I like in the other," is her language to America.

But it is not by absence of offence alone that Russia has sought to conciliate the Americans. She has made the most positive advances, and spared no efforts to flatter and cajole them, nationally and individually, in even the most trivial details.

When the late Russian minister at Washington was about to marry an American lady, and sent to President Van Buren (precisely as he did to his own Sovereign) to ask permission, he knew perfectly well—as well as the President himself—that no such permission was required: it was only a refined artifice to put the Americans in good humor with themselves. Every American of the least importance or ability, that has penetrated into Russia, has been received in the most gracious manner; and the language of the late Czar was always exactly of the kind that would best bear the reporting it, was morally certain to experience. "Your government and mine are the only possible ones in the world. Yours will do for an enlightened people. My people are not so enlightened, and therefore I have to take care of them;" and so forth, and so forth—an interminable quantity of that "soft sawder" which Brother Jonathan, like Jacques Bonhomme, is none the less ready to swallow himself, because he is skilful in administering it to others.

But this is only a small portion of the operation. Russian agents, and these agents often American citizens, are scattered all over the Union. The venal portion of the American press was made sure of from the beginning. Such bargains are not easy to expose with mathematical certainty, being in their very nature deeds of darkness; but the columns of the *New York Herald*, for instance, contain in-

ternal evidence which makes us as sure of its purchase as if we had seen the hard dollars counted down, and the "head devil" putting his signature to the receipt. We may allude to the readiness with which any print that takes the side of the Allies is accused of being subsidized by the British government, as no insignificant collateral proof of our assertion.

Finally—and this is, perhaps, the most potent of all the motives at work—Russia has with her the active sympathies of the slave interest. The position of this interest is one of the most remarkable phenomena in the political world. The number of American slaveholders, all told, is less than three hundred and fifty thousand. This oligarchy, placed amid a democracy of more than twenty millions, has directed and moulded the whole policy of the country, internal and external, for the last half century. It holds three millions of its countrymen in abject bondage. It has gathered around it twice that number as its accessories and abettors. It has almost invariably either bullied or out-manœuvred the rest of the population (fourteen millions and more!) on all disputed questions. In everything except the one point of admitting slavery into California—an absurdity too gross even for them to insist on—the slaveholders have had their own way. They have made the Northerners their slave-catchers, by act of Congress. They have altered and re-altered the compromises of their own devising, to suit their increasing acquisitiveness. Their policy has constantly become more and more aggressive. Feeling that public attention has been recently drawn to the anomaly of so small a body exercising so great an influence in a democracy, their present aim is to *increase their numbers*. One of the desired means to this end, is the acquisition of Cuba, itself only a step towards the re-opening of the African slave-trade—a measure unblushingly advocated within the past year by more than one southern newspaper. The Allies, who have abolished slavery throughout their dominions, are the natural antagonists of the American slaveholder; and in Russia, with her corresponding 'institution' of serfage, he finds his natural support.

Such are some of the causes tending to bring about an Americo-Russian alliance, an event the possibility of which we cannot find terms strong enough to deprecate. The personal disposition which any man may entertain to the Americans is a matter of taste and opinion, but no man of average capacity and information, can doubt the great resources and straightforward energy of that people. Their party earnestness, which in time of peace occasionally verges on a grotesque ferocity, becomes in time of war a terrific engine of destruction to whatever stands in its way. Undignified as the conduct of their politicians may sometimes appear, it must be owned that

they are men thoroughly in earnest. They do not make a joke of public affairs, nor calculate the national interests as they would the chances of a horse-race. The internal divisions of the United States are often relied on as a source of weakness, but the immediate effect of any strong external pressure always has been, and always will be, the temporary cessation of those differences. The Mexican war was a case in point. We have often thought that this war did not receive its due share of attention and reputation on the Eastern side of the Atlantic. There were certainly some note-worthy features exhibited during its progress; the rapidity with which twice the number of volunteers demanded by Government sprang up, out of the earth as it were, like hosts of ancient fable; the courage and obstinacy which these volunteers evinced in battle against regular troops; the promptness with which the invaders swarmed over and through the country to the destined point of attack, without pausing to deliberate on the amount of reinforcements it was necessary to wait for, or *giving the enemy time to concentrate his resources*. But the circumstance to which we would particularly call attention, is this—that the war, though very unpopular with a large and respectable minority, was *unanimously* supported from the moment it was fairly begun. It will be recollected that the value of California was an after-discovery, which had occurred to no one at that time. The war was regarded as a measure tending directly to the aggrandizement of the slaveholding power, and was therefore disliked in the North. It was regarded as a personal device of Mr. Polk to make himself the name which most of his predecessors had already possessed when elevated to the presidential chair, and it was therefore opposed by all his political opponents, that is to say, by the entire strength of the Whig party. Yet when once the sword was drawn, the whole country, without distinction of party or section, rose as one man to carry on the contest. A single statesman of reputation, (Mr. Corwin, of Ohio) remained consistent in his opposition—and thereby committed political suicide.

Those who are accustomed to measure strength only by the muster-rolls of standing armies, will naturally despise the small regular force of the United States. But the people are not unaware of their deficiency in this respect, nor unprepared for the consequences. During the difficulty with France in 1836, it was a common remark among the masses, "for the first two years we shall be awfully whipped, but *after that*—" and with a similar tenacity of spirit would the Americans of to-day brave with their illiputian army and scanty marine the combined forces of Western Europe. As to the effects of the supposed alliance on the Americans themselves, great as the shock would be to their ma-

terial interests, for some years at least, that injury would be comparatively trifling to the moral consequences, which may be summed up in a single phrase—the *supremacy of the slaveholding interest immovably established, and the country barbarized in consequence*.

We have drawn a gloomy picture. It is now our more pleasing duty to cast a glance at the bright side of the canvas.

First, and above all, we have great confidence in the more intelligent, the more right-minded, the more moral and religious section of the American public. Let it be admitted that this section is in the minority; it is not therefore powerless. Much error has been propagated by copyists of De Tocqueville, about the tyranny and despotism of American majorities. What writers of this class love to repeat, may be true of very small minorities in confined localities; but the regular American minority, the "Opposition" as we might call it, is very much the reverse of helpless. It has a constant source of strength in the *possibility that it may become the majority*, a possibility which temporary and local triumphs ever and anon raise to the rank of a probability. The so-called Democratic party, which claims to be the legitimate descendant of the Jeffersonian, usually holds the reins of the federal government, but it is not retained in power by any overwhelming preponderance of the popular voice. Even when it can enumerate a long list of States that have sustained it, a comparatively small difference in the vote of each individual State would have produced an opposite result. And scarcely is the new president settled in his place, when the mass of his supporters begin to split and throw off fragments. Every office filled leaves ninety-nine disappointed applicants for the one fortunate suitor, and thus one of the administration's principal reliances becomes itself a cause of weakness. Moreover, even with all the earnestness of American politics, there will always be a number of doubtful voters and adaphorists who are inclined from one side to the other, and require to be looked after with continual vigilance. The democratic tenure of power is in truth no sinecure. "Our party," observed a distinguished democratic politician to the writer of this article, "is often beaten in the intermediate congressional and State elections; but when it comes to the end of the four years, and the presidential campaign, we generally contrive to be all right." The remark was true enough, but it involved more, perhaps, than the speaker thought of at the moment, the fact that the democratic party, in order to be "all right at the end of the four years," was obliged meanwhile to modify its policy, and make concessions to the enlightened public opinion and good sense of the country. Thus it was that President Polk laid down an *ultimatum*, in his inaugural message, which, if insisted on, must have ren-

dered a war with England inevitable; and afterwards admitted important modifications of the "indisputable" right. Thus too, President Pierce has already been compelled to cut down materially the original programme of his foreign policy, to make a scape-goat of one unlucky envoy, and to throw off sundry disagreeable responsibilities upon some others. And at present we may be confident that any formal proposition, tending to a Russian alliance, would unite all the materials of an opposition, no less numerous or formidable because the old Whig party is disorganized. All the opponents of the President (no inconsiderable number of whom may now be found among his fellow democrats) will assail a measure which has received the stamp of his approbation. All the newly developed and widely extended party of the Know-Nothings will remember the farewell counsels of Washington, and protest against being entangled in a foreign alliance. All the freesoilism of the north will strain its every nerve to resist a policy which has for one of its leading motives and objects the annexation of

Cuba, and the unlimited extension of slave territory.

And this opposition will find a powerful support in the commercial interest. The magnitude of the commercial connexion between the American Republic and the nations of Western Europe, is so well known, that it would be superfluous to enlarge upon it. True, if the national honor were at stake, this consideration would have little weight; but since the honor and reputation of the country lie so obviously the other way, we may reasonably hope that the claims of the mercantile interest will be heard and felt in their fullest extent, and will have no small share in persuading America to preserve a safe, honest, and profitable neutrality.

The limits of our allotted space are already reached, but we shall take an early opportunity of returning to the subject, chiefly for the purpose of developing a supplemental branch of it, and examining the influence of the English press on the American public, and its true policy and duty in reference to American affairs.

C. A. B.

BOBOLINK.

Bobolink! that in the meadow,
Or beneath the orchard's shadow,
Keapest up a constant rattle,
Joyous as my children's prattle,
Welcome to the North again.
Welcome to mine ear thy strain,
Welcome to mine eye the sight
Of thy buff, thy black and white.
Brighter plumes may greet the sun
By the banks of Amazon;
Sweeter tones may weave the spell
Of enchanting Philomel;
But the tropic bird would fail,
And the English nightingale,
If we should compare their worth
With thine endless gushing mirth.

When the ides of May are past,
June and summer nearing fast,
From the depths of blue above
Comes the mighty breath of love,
Calling out each bud and flower
With resistless, viewless power,
Waking hope and fond desire,
Kindling the erotic fire,
Filling youth's and maiden's dreams
With mysterious, pleasing themes;
Then amid the sunlight clear,
Floating in the fragrant air,
Thou dost fill each heart with pleasure,
By thy glad ecstatic measure.

Single note, so sweet and low,
Like a full heart's overflow,
Forms the prelude—but the strain
Ne'er repeats that note again,
For the wild and saucy song
Leaps and skips the notes among,
With such quick and merry play,
Ne'er was madder, merrier day.

Gayest songster of the spring,
All thy notes before me bring

Visions of that dream-built land
Where by constant zephyrs fanned,
I might walk the livelong day,
Embosomed in perpetual May.
Nor care, nor fear thy bosom knows,
For there a tempest never blows;
But when our northern summer's o'er,
By Delaware or Schuylkill's shore,
The wild rice lifts its airy head,
And royal feasts for thee are spread,
And if the winter chase thee there,
Thy tireless wings shall know no fear,
But bear thee to some southern coast,
Far beyond the reach of frost.

Bobolink! still may thy gladness
Take from me all taint of sadness,
Fill my soul with trust unshaken
In that Being who has taken
Care for every living thing
In summer, winter, fall, and spring.
Christian Register.

COLORS MOST FREQUENTLY HIT DURING BATTLE.—It would appear, from numerous observations, that soldiers are hit during battle according to the color of their dress, in the following order:—Red is the most fatal color; the least fatal, Austrian grey. The proportions are—red, twelve; rifle green, seven; brown, six; Austrian bluish-grey, five.

PHARAOH'S BATH.—"The Arabs tell a thousand stories of certain hot waters in a grotto, which they call Pharaoh's Bath; among others, that if you put four eggs in it, you can take out but three, the devil always keeping one for himself."—*Thevenot.*

From the New Monthly Magazine.

THERE is nothing prepossessing in the external appearance of the "Athens of Germany." Till the new palace was erected, Saxe Weimar had scarcely a single handsome building. The Ritter Straße, the largest street within the city, is little better than a lane; and the streets which have been built in the neighborhood of the cemetery, are only handsome as compared with the meanness which preceded them. The theatre—for the opening of which Schiller wrote his beautiful prologue to Wallenstein—is perfectly plain without, and I was told that the interior was equally simple; but there was no performance the night I was at Saxe Weimar, and when I called at the theatre in the morning neither money nor entreaties could procure me a moment's admission beyond the stage-door. During rehearsals it is strictly prohibited; and it was in this instance the more disappointing, as the piece they were reciting was the Wallenstein's Lager, and on the spot where the author had himself assisted at its first performance. To tread the same ground, and look upon the same objects, associates us more spiritually with the recollections of an eminent man than the sight of relics deposited in glass cases, or chambers that have been deserted or changed; and there are numberless recollections at Saxe Weimar which makes us forget its architectural poverty. The houses of Herder, Schiller, Wieland and Goethe, and the associations connected with them, give its streets a higher interest than if every building was a palace.

I spent an hour in the rooms, still remaining as he left them and amongst the relics of Goethe, under the guidance of one of his friends and worshippers; for admirers is too feeble a term for those who have felt deeply the powers of his genius, or the influence of his personal acquaintance. There was nothing of splendor, nothing even of a scholar's luxuries. The handsome copy of "Sardanapalus, Foscari, and Cain," presented by Lord Byron, was carefully folded, as it had been by Goethe himself, in a silk pocket handkerchief, and placed with a few other volumes in a drawer apart; but the generality of his books had the plain air of actual service, and most of them had been the companions of his long life. They were arranged on shelves of unpainted wood, in a small chamber adjoining his study, which was itself as plainly furnished. A common table, a deal writing desk, a few shelves and one or two cabinets of the simplest workmanship, were all I noticed. Near his desk was hung a plaster medallion, encircled by himself with an inscription in ink—*Scilicet immenso superest ex nomine multum*. It was a profile of Napoleon, which had fallen from the wall and been broken into fragments on the day of the battle of Leipsic, almost at the moment it was lost. The coincidence seems to have made considerable impression upon the imagi-

nation of Goethe, who was present when it fell, and by whom the fragments had been reunited and carefully preserved.

Of his MSS. I was shown the original Gedichte Gottfriedens von Bertischingen, written in the German character, in 1774; and "Erotica Romana," written in the "Italian hand," and dated 1778. My companion told me that while sitting with him in 1816, the servant having neglected to supply them with wood, Goethe had told him to feed the stove with the manuscript "Erotica." He managed, however, to conceal and preserve it, and evidently felt proud at having saved a relic from the flames.

In one part of the room were materials for some of the experiments connected with his Farbenlehre; and in the cover of a letter, near one of his windows, were some fragments of colored silk, which had an interest of a different description when I heard for what purpose they had been employed. It appeared that his grandchild had been in the habit of visiting him in his study. He was too kind-hearted to repel her; and when he did not wish to be interrupted he placed her by his side, and offered some small new coin as a reward for unravelling one of the silken shreds, an occupation that generally kept her quiet. I thought more of Goethe after hearing this trifling anecdote than after reading even his "Faust." A mere heartless man of talent must be little better than a Mephistopheles.

Adjoining the study was the poet's bedroom; a small narrow closet with a single window looking into the garden; much the same in size and appearance as I have seen occupied by a Franciscan friar in his convent. In a corner, the wall of which was tapestried with a piece of common black-and-green carpeting, stood his bed, small and uncurtained, and by its side the chair in which he died. A clock that had marked the hours both of his birth and death was placed in an ante-room, where there were also his collection of minerals and a few of his books.

These were the private apartments, the retirement of the scholar and man of genius; but the principal suite of rooms had scarcely an inferior interest. Here, deposited in glazed presses, were the objects which had gratified his taste or awakened his recollections of the past. Antiquities and medals, the skull of Vandyke, bronzes, arms and all the anticaglie that a poet or painter loves to possess. In one of them was a letter addressed to him by Sir Walter Scott, with his usual beauty of style and kindness of heart. Its commencement alone is a lesson to the vanity of impertinence that so often obtrudes itself upon the privacy of an eminent man. *Venerable and much respected Sir*, are the words with which Scott—his equal in talent and fame—thinks it right to preface his homage to the genius of Goethe. How many of the small-fry of literature have approached

the author of "Waverley" himself with less of reverence! or fancied, in the abundance of their self-esteem, that to have addressed *any one* as "venerable and much-respected sir" would have been lessening of their own consideration. The contents of the letter I cannot pretend to remember, but I recollect that its effect, as that of the most of his other writings, was to make me think better of human nature. There was a private letter in French, from the Duke of Wellington to the Duke of Saxe Weimar, introducing to him a son of Lord Mansfield; and a whole portfolio of despatches (addressed to General Rapp) by the most distinguished of Napoleon's officers.

Then there was the volume which Goethe used to call his "Album" a collection of the portraits of his friends; and when I had looked over these more hastily than I could have wished, I had still to see a treasury of the rich offerings which, at various times, had been made to him by his countrymen and admirers. They were deposited, as from their value and interest they deserved to be, in an iron chest secured by many curiously constructed locks, and some of them were precious as works of art. There was a crown of laurel, the leaves of gold, the berries of emerald, sent from Frankfort in 1819 or 1820; and worthy, for its beauty alone, to be placed among the regalia of an Emperor. It was accompanied by a detached leaf of the same workmanship, with an intimation that as a year had elapsed since the wreath was ordered, and as every year of his life added a fresh leaf to the laurels of Goethe, his admirers had felt that their offering would be incomplete without a type of the year that had passed. This was not the only present he had received from his native town: there was also a silver drinking-cup which had been sent to him with some choice hock, and bore an inscription to the effect that "the mind was invigorated by wine, and there would be no fire without fuel." Mr. Gough would be of a different opinion.

A handsome seal of enamelled gold, the offering of fifteen of the great poet's British admirers (including Scott, Moore, Carlyle, etc.), was engraved with the motto *Dyne hast aber ohne raft*—which has more meaning (said one of my German friends) than the mere words import; it refers not exactly to "the spur that the clear spirit doth raise"

To scorn delights, and live laborious days; but to some inward impulse to "*continued, though not headlong, progress*;" or it might be rendered by the Latin *festina lente*. These are but a small part of the costly gifts which I might notice, were I writing a guide-book or a catalogue.

I have never appreciated the private life of a man of genius—and it has not always been as a stranger—without being as much struck by the discovery of his habits of unwearied appli-

cation, the amount of his actual *manual labor*, as I had previously been by the splendor of his talents. Goethe's correspondence alone, deposited in one of the closets of the book-room, filled *two hundred and twenty-three* MS. volumes; and, in the midst of his multifarious labors, he kept a diary, or *Tagebuch*, that would itself form an extensive work. The last of the volumes which contain it, commences *January*, 1831, with some observations on Scott's *Demonology*, and ends the 15th May, 1832, with a memorandum of his physician Professor Vogel's account of a recent excursion to Jena with which Goethe expresses himself well pleased. On the 22d he died.

The visit I have just attempted to describe was but the commencement of my literary pilgrimage through Weimar. There were still to be seen the houses of Schiller, of Wieland, and of Herder; and the places of their sepulture.

To reach the last resting-place of Schiller and of Goethe, it was necessary to take a rather long walk to the *Gottesacker*, or cemetery; an establishment of modern date, where the arrangement for the prevention of premature interment are said to have been the model for those adopted at Frankfort.

Near its centre rises a Doric chapel, surmounted by a cupola, which forms the mausoleum of the sovereigns of Saxe Weimar, their coffinied remains being deposited in its vault. It was here the Grand-Duke Carl desired that the bodies of his friends, the poets whom he had loved and honored, should be placed beside his own; but his wishes have been neglected or found incompatible with etiquette, for, though admitted to the same chamber of the dead, the remains of Goethe and of Schiller are placed in a corner apart, and at a very respectful distance from those of grand-dukes and duchesses. This—to use the words of Her von Raumer, on a different occasion—is *Heinlich und nicht würdig*—a wrong done to the dead and living. It seems like carrying the formalities of a court into the solemnities of another world.

We returned through the park—one of the most beautiful in Germany, as it has always been described—and passed near the small white cottage that generally, for six or eight weeks, was the summer residence of Goethe, and is mentioned by him with pleasant remembrances in his verses on the *Garthensaus am Park*. It has no *pretension*, but is precisely the

Humble shed,
Where roses breathing,
And woodbines wreathing,

Around the windows their tendrils spread;

which Moore describes as the abode of love—Theodore Hook calls a *dampery*; and those "in smoky cities pent" pause to look at in their evening walks, and envy.

From this I went with my companion to the Grand Ducal Library—a collection of about

one hundred and thirty thousand volumes, not, on this occasion, to see its books, but its relics. Here, again, was Goethe, in the bust executed a year before his death by David, and inscribed with a quotation from Schiller; and there was a bust of Schiller, with a quotation from Goethe. There were also busts of Herder and of Wieland: a fine portrait of Charles V. as a monk (which Mr. Stirling should have had as an illustration of his "Cloister Life"); an engraved one of Canning; and a well-painted full-length of the Grand-Duke Carl, whose cast of features very much resembles that of the great poet whom he was proud to call his friend. It would be difficult to say whether the name of the grand-duke or the author of "Faust"—the *Groß Herzog* or the *Groß Dichter* had been the most frequently repeated to me during my brief stay at Saxe Weimar. I had still to see—displayed in the library (as Sir Walter Scott's at Abbotsford)—the dress he wore at court; a common dark-green coat, trimmed with gold lace, and preserved with as much veneration as

its neighboring relic, the chorister's dress of Luther; a kind of coarse brown tunic, well worn, and apparently without much attention to virtue, which is still not very strictly regarded by a nation who only use baths medicinally.

With these our *videnda* finished, and a drive of less than two hours brought us to the heights above Jena—the scene of the great battle of 1806. To an unprofessional eye, it seems impossible that such steep acclivities could be carried against a strong and well-placed force. My military friends tell me that it is not so difficult as it appears. Much of the fire down uneven ground is ineffective; and, when it comes to the bayonet, victory does not greatly depend upon the locality.

This, however, has nothing to do with my recollections of Goethe. They are, I confess, of little amount; and—great as he is—I should not speak of him as of Shakspeare; but what would we not give for notices of Shakspeare's habits and his home, even such as those which I have chanced to collect of Goethe.

NEGUS.—Wine and water, it is said, first received the name of Negus from Colonel Francis Negus, who was commissioner for executing the office of Master of the Horse during the reign of George I. Among other anecdotes related of him, one is, that party spirit running high at that period between Whigs and Tories, wine-bibbing was resorted to as an excitement. On one occasion some leading Whigs and Tories having, *par accident*, got over their cups together, and Mr. Negus being present, and high words ensuing, he recommended them in future to dilute their wine, as he did, which suggestion fortunately directed their attention from an argument which probably would have ended seriously, to one on the merits of wine and water, which concluded by their nicknaming it *Negus*. A correspondent in the *Gentleman's Magazine* for Feb. 1799, p. 119, farther states, "that Negus is a family name; and that the said liquor took its name from an individual of that family, the following relation (on the veracity of which you may depend) will, I think, ascertain. It is now nearly thirty years ago, that being on a visit to a friend at Frome, in Somersetshire, I accompanied my friend to the house of a clergyman of the name of Potter. The house was decorated with many paintings, chiefly family portraits, amongst which I was particularly pleased with that of a gentleman in military dress, which appeared, by the style, to have been taken in or about the reign of Queen Anne. In answer to my inquiries concerning the original of the portrait, Mrs. Potter informed me it was a Colonel Negus, an uncle of her husband's; that from this gentleman the liquor usually so called had its name, it being his usual beverage. When in company with his junior officers he used to in-

vite them to join him by saying, "Come, boys, join with me; taste my liquor!" Hence it soon became fashionable in the regiment, and the officers, in compliment to their colonel, called it *Negus*.—*Notes and Queries*.

"SEEING THE LIONS."—Formerly there was a menagerie in the Tower of London, in which lions were kept; it was discontinued about forty years ago. During these times of comparative simplicity, when a stranger visited the metropolis for the first time, it was usual to take him to the Tower and show him the lions as one of the chief sights; and on the stranger's return to the country, it was usual to ask him whether he had seen the lions. Now-a-days, when a Londoner visits the country for the first time, he is taken by his friends to see the most remarkable objects of the place, which by analogy are called "the lions." One constantly hears the expression, "we have been lionising," or "seeing the lions; but thousands who make use of it are ignorant of its origin. It originated as above.—*Notes and Queries*.

"THAT WILL BE A FEATHER IN HIS CAP."—Among the ancient warriors, it was customary to honor such of their followers as distinguished themselves in battle by presenting them with a feather for their caps, which, when not in armor, was the covering for their heads. From this custom arose the saying, when a person has effected a meritorious action: "That will be a feather in his cap."—*Notes and Queries*.

From Chambers' Journal.

THE reader may be curious to know at what period the event I am about to relate occurred. Reasons of delicacy, however, prevent me from gratifying even so reasonable a desire; and I will only say, that the harrowing circumstance, took place in the summer of a certain year, between the time of the arrival of the first bear at the Zoological Gardens in London and the present day.

I had been a midshipman on board the well-known ship named after His Majesty King William the Fourth; but receiving letters from home announcing my father's death, I had just returned to this country to take possession, as well as a minor could, of the family estate. I was not very well acquainted with the world—except the liquid part of it—having been brought up in a country town, and shipped in boyhood; but to make up for that I had an excellent opinion of myself, and watched both with pride and anxiety the sprouting of what I conceived to be a very promising moustache.

One evening, after getting myself into full tog, I was displaying my horsemanship near the Zoological Gardens, when I saw, in the path leading to the entrance, one of the loveliest women that ever appeared to the eyes of an ex-reeler. What was that to me? I do not know. It was a thing completely settled in my mind, that I was a full-grown man, and that a full-grown man has a right to look at any woman. In short, I dismounted, gave my horse to the groom, and followed my divinity. A little girl was behind her, walking with the nurse-maid, who had another child, an infant, in her arms; and to my great satisfaction, this careless servant put the baby presently into the arms of the older girl, not much bigger than itself. I watched the proceeding, saw the little creature, whose walk was but a totter at the best, swaying to and fro under her burden, and the baby's long clothes trailing on the ground.

"Madam," said I to the lady, touching my hat in quarter-deck fashion, "that baby, I fear, is in dangerous hands: you are perhaps not aware of it? She turned round instantly. It was what I wanted, but the flash I received from her beautiful eyes had a world of haughtiness in it; and although she bent her head slightly, and said: "Sir I thank you," I did not dare to continue the conversation, but walked rapidly on. In fact, it was obvious the woman thought I had taken an unwarrantable liberty in criticising the arrangements of her walk; and as when turning away I caught a smile at my discomfiture on the face of the nurse-maid, who snatched the baby roughly away, indignation mingled with my awkwardness.

Who was this lady? Was she the mother of the two children? Was she the governess? Was she a relation? Was she single or married? She was single; she was the mother's

sister: I decided upon that. And, after all, was her haughty look so very reprehensible? Had she not been addressed suddenly by a stranger, and that stranger a Man—a man of somewhat distingue figure, and most promising moustaches? I relented; and as I saw her enter the Gardens my heart gave a great leap, for I considered it uncommonly likely that a lion would break loose, or something or other occur to draw forth my chivalry, and extort her gratitude. I was not in error in my anticipations; although the circumstance that did occur was too wild even for an imagination like mine. Had it come suddenly, I almost think I should have shut my eyes, held my breath, and stood still: but as it was, I had no time to reflect; the uppermost idea in my mind was, that I would do something heroic; something desperate, and when opportunity offered, I instantaneously did it.

The party, with many others, were looking over the enclosure at the bear on his pole; and in order that all might see, the nurse-maid had the little girl in her arms, while the little girl had the baby in hers. This arrangement was not very reprehensible, as a momentary freak, for the maid of course had good hold of both the children, the elder of whom was jumping with glee; and my attention, therefore, was exclusively directed to the lady, who stood absorbed in the spectacle before me. All on a sudden, there was a scream from the little girl—the unfortunate baby was over the enclosure, and lying senseless on its face in the area—and the gigantic bear was hastily descending the pole to secure his prey.

To climb the enclosure, and spring into the area, did not take me many moments—but it took me too many. I was a little distance from the spot, and before I reached it, the bear had caught up the infant, whose little face was buried in its fur; and on my approach made for the pole, and began to ascend with great rapidity. I followed, without giving myself time for a moment's reflection, and while I climbed caught hold of the long clothes of the baby. The action was well intended; but the consequences were dreadful—perhaps fatal; for the bear loosed his hold, and the poor little thing fell to the ground. I began mechanically to descend; but did not dare to look at what was in all probability a lifeless corpse. And presently I could not look, for the exigencies of my own position demanded my every thought. The bear above was descending with huge strides and angry growls, and another below—a great black monster, of whose presence in the enclosure I had not been aware—was shambling along to the support of his comrade, and had already almost reached the pole.

The fix was terrible, but it lasted only an instant; for the keeper now made his appearance, and with a few hearty wallops sent the

black bear to the right about, while my pursuer stopped short with a terrific growl.

"What are you doing here?" cried the keeper, as I staggered upon the ground. "I must give you in charge to the police for a lunatic."

"Never mind me," said I faintly; "look to the child, for I dare not."

"The child!—what child?"

"Are you blind? There!" and I forced my eyes upon the hideous spectacle.

The creature's head was off! It was wax!

I hardly know how I got over the enclosure. A sound of laughter was in my brain, as if I was made of ears, and every ear ringing its loudest. The nurse-maid enjoyed the adventure more than anybody, but the little girl in her arms clutched at me furiously, as if charging me with the murder of her doll, and was not pacified till the fragments of that sickening baby were handed to her over my shoulder. I darted away; and it was high time to do so, for all the company in the Gardens were rushing to the spot.

JOHN HENDERSON.

The generation who knew anything of this extraordinary man are rapidly passing away, and whilst a few of them are yet left, it seems desirable to collect and preserve the little that may be remembered of him, which is not already to be found in the note to Cottle's *Recollections of Coleridge*. With this view, I send some particulars relating to his last illness, which I took down nineteen years ago from the lips of a highly respectable inhabitant of Bristol, since deceased, who knew one at least of the parties concerned, and I believe all of them who were resident in that city.

John Henderson had a relation named Mary Macy, who lived on Redcliff Hill: she was a very extraordinary woman, and had a sort of gift of second sight. One night she dreamed that John Henderson was gone to Oxford, and that he died there. In the course of the next day, John Henderson called to take leave of her saying that he was going to Oxford to study something concerning which he could not obtain the information he wanted in Bristol. Mary Macy said to him, "John, you'll die there;" to which he answered, "I know it."

Some time afterwards Mary Macy waked her husband, saying to him, "Remember that John Henderson died at two o'clock this morning, and it is now three." Philip Macy made light of it, but she told him that she had dreamed (and was conscious that she was dreaming) that she was transported to Oxford, to which city she had never been in reality; and that she entered a room there, in which she saw John Henderson in bed, the landlady supporting his head, and the landlord and others surrounding him. While

The fair cause of the mischief was standing a little way off, leaning on the arm of a tall noble-looking man, with moustaches ten times as big as mine. She seemed choking between recent alarm and present mirth; and as I passed;

"Sir," said she, with swelling cheeks and unsteady voice, "my husband wishes to thank you for our little girl's doll!" But I was off like a shot, without waiting even to touch my hat; and thankful I was to get out of the gate, for many of the spectators on seeing me run, followed mechanically.

It would be vain to attempt to describe my reflections as I sped rapidly along. But in the midst of all, I knew what was before me—I had an intense consciousness of what was to be done. My resolve was fixed, and I felt an insane joy at the idea that no possible intervention could prevent me from executing it. As soon as I reached home, I went straight to my own room, locked and bolted myself in, sat deliberately down before the glass, drew forth my razor, and shaved off my moustaches.

looking at him, she saw some one give him medicine; after which John Henderson saw her and said, "Oh! Mrs. Macy, I am going to die; I am so glad you are come, for I want to tell you that my father is going to be very ill, and that you must go to see him." He then proceeded to describe a room in his father's house, and a bureau in it "in which is a box containing some pills; give him so many of them, and he will recover." Her impression of all in the room was most vivid, and she even described the appearance of the houses on the opposite side of the street. The only object she appeared not to have seen was a clergyman who was in attendance on John Henderson. Henderson's father, going to the funeral, took Philip Macy with him; and on the way to Oxford, Philip Macy told him the particulars of his son's death, which they found to have been strictly correct as related by Mary Macy. Mary Macy was too much interested about John Henderson's death to think anything of his directions about the pills, yet, some time afterwards, she was sent for by the father, who was ill. She then remembered her dream; found the room, the bureau and the pills, exactly as had been foretold, and they had the promised effect, for Henderson was cured.

Hannah More several times alludes to John Henderson in her letters, and appears to have known him personally.

Notes and Queries.

CHINESE PROVERB.—"Let every man sweep the snow from before his own door, and not busy himself about the frost on his neighbour's tiles."

PART VII.—BOOK II.

CHAPTER XVII.—THE DAWNING.

It was not the touch of love—no, another spell had broken the charmed sleep of Zaidée Vivian—the thrill of young awaking life. Kindness had taken her hand again—love was as far from her as ever; but the warm, rejoicing youth within her, and all the half-developed powers which would have scope, awakened Zaidée. She shook her torpor off from her, and received a world of storied scenes into her heart instead. She was of the age when the simplest tale or legend populates with charmed figures the common earth. "Abroad" was a vast world of romance and adventure to her fancy—a world in which she could lose herself—in which no one from home could ever find her again. "It will be as good as if I died," said Zaidée to herself, as she prepared to go home to Mrs. Disbrowe's again.

Mrs. Lancaster's coachman, a useful man-of-all-work, trudged by Zaidée's side throughout those lighted streets, the aspect of which filled her with unusual interest. Secure in the darkness, in her new prospects, and lastly, in this protector, she went along, feeling vaguely exhilarated, she could not tell why, by the bright lights, the cold, fresh air, the little crowd of people in the way. Her former terror of meeting some one who knew her deserted her to night. They walked at a good pace, but not because Zaidée was in haste—she enjoyed looking into the glow of light and depth of darkness, watching all those figures cross and recross the illuminated pavement, and was sorry when they came to the dark, sombre squares, with their silent enclosures and spectral trees, which surrounded Bedford Place; and when her escort knocked the knock which belonged to his lady's dignity, rather than to hers, at Mrs. Disbrowe's door. The mistress of the house herself came out to the hall when she heard it was Miss Francis, and with much astonishment received the message with which Mrs. Lancaster's factotum was charged. His mistress would wait upon her next day concerning the young lady, the man said. Mrs. Disbrowe could not imagine what concern Mrs. Lancaster had with the young lady, and was disposed to be offended—as indeed, if she had but known, she had good cause.

Zaidée stood in the hall with her bonnet loosed, her little brown cloak hanging from her shoulders, and a color on her brown cheek such as Mrs. Disbrowe had scarcely seen there before. But the temper of mamma was ruffled. Perhaps this girl, who had caused her so much perplexity, had been complaining to Mrs. Lancaster; perhaps indignant Benevolence was coming in the Brougham to-morrow, to upbraid her for not being sufficiently tender to Miss Francis—Miss Francis, who had subjected her to so many discomforts, the reproach of her own conscience, the impertinencies of Minnie and Leo, the dread of inoffensive Mr. Disbrowe, who respected her like the Constitution. This was too much for Mrs. Disbrowe; she went forward

impatiently to Zaidée, and reproved her with being so long away. "My own children would ask leave first before they went with any one, Miss Francis," said Mrs. Disbrowe, with indignation; while Minnie, within cover of the dining-room door, for malicious satisfaction and good pleasure had almost laughed aloud.

"The lady did not ask me to go—she asked Mrs. Edward Lancaster, and so I went," said Zaidée. "She is coming to-morrow, because she has a friend who wants some one to go abroad. It is not to teach," said Zaidée hurriedly, and with a blush, "or I should not be able; but the lady comes to ask you if I am to go."

"Should you like to go?" asked Mrs. Disbrowe, from whose mind Zaidée's words had lifted a mountain of annoyance and discomfort—since a way in which this unnecessary inmate could be removed from her house, without positive injury to the friendless child, was a good for which Mrs. Disbrowe scarcely ventured to hope.

"Yes—to go far away," said Zaidée; and her eyes repeated the "far away" with the long, wistful look they gave. "It will be almost as good as to die."

These words reached Mrs. Disbrowe's ears, low though they were spoken. Her heart smote her for her harshness, and even for her satisfaction in hearing that Zaidée was to go away. She laid her hand kindly upon the girl's shoulder. "I hope some one will go with you who can take care of you, my dear," said Mrs. Disbrowe. "I shall be very glad of any thing that is for your good; and you must write and tell your friends. Now, good night."

The eyes were moist which met her shining eyes as she turned to go up stairs. The voice was kind that said that good-night to her; and another world was before Zaidée. "It will be almost as good as to die," she repeated to herself as she lay down on her little bed. That was a dreary consolation; but her sleep was rich with the dreams of youth, and her fancy had already gone forth and possessed the new land.

Next day, accordingly, Mrs. Lancaster's Brougham drew up at Mrs. Disbrowe's door. It was in some sort indignant Benevolence in deep crape and expensive furs, which issued from the luxurious little carriage. Mrs. Disbrowe had found Zaidée very useful, Mrs. Lancaster did not doubt; and the elder lady who was of the class somewhat contemptuously called "good" by Mrs. Disbrowe's "set," and by whom, in her turn, Mrs. Disbrowe and her set were emphatically condemned as "worldly," would not believe in the tender charity which lay, often dormant but always within reach, at the bottom of Mrs. Disbrowe's heart. The one of these good women could not and would not do justice to the other; and they met under circumstances which confirmed their natural opposition.

"No; she was quite right; she could not teach the children; she is herself not much more than a child," said Mrs. Disbrowe;

they wanted some one to be firm with them as their sister was. I find it difficult to get any one who can manage the children as Charlotte used to do."

Mrs. Lancaster slightly elevated her eyebrows, and said "Edward's wife!" in her own mind, with the conviction that these two words conveyed all the contempt that it was possible to express in words; but Mrs. Lancaster politely inclined her head, and kept silence in presence of mamma.

"But there is no harm in her," said Mrs. Disbrowe warmly. "These may seem strange words, but I mean she is an innocent child; I believe as truthful and simple-hearted as ever girl was; and that is almost all I know of Miss Francis. She was sent to us by a clergyman's wife, a schoolfellow of Charlotte's. Her recommendation was enough for us; and we inquired no further; but I think she must have had an uncomfortable home—she was so unwilling to return."

"And you know nothing of her friends!" said Mrs. Lancaster, opening her eyes. "I felt so sure, a prudent mother, bringing a young person into her family, would be certain to know. I am very sorry; for I fear we must be assured of their respectability before I can decide any thing with my friend."

"How unfortunate!" said Mrs. Disbrowe. "Well then, we must have patience, and wait for something else, I suppose, for I have told you all I know."

Whereupon Mrs. Lancaster drew back and lost ground; and the issue was, that mamma, who never lost her temper, came off victorious, and left the benevolent indignation worsted on the field, and a little ashamed of itself. "I know no ill of this woman," Mrs. Lancaster acknowledged to herself, as she followed Mrs. Disbrowe's floating pink ribbons up another flight of steps to Zaidée's workroom. "Why should I suspect her? I believe, after all, she has been very kind to this poor child."

Further conversation followed after this change of scene, and the old lady was still further convinced, against her will, that there was good in the mother of Edward's wife. "It would be hard, certainly, if we were to be made responsible for the sins of our children. Providence lays the burden quite the other way," said Mrs. Lancaster to herself, as she descended to her carriage, and bowed a gracious bow of farewell to Mrs. Disbrowe. Zaidée was still to remain a few days at Bedford Place. Mrs. Lancaster's friend was about starting on her long foreign journey, and this careful lady carefully impressed upon Zaidée the necessity of looking over her wardrobe, and having everything carefully packed; for plentiful Mrs. Lancaster had no conception of a wardrobe which could be tied into a napkin, and carried in its proprietor's arms.

"So you're to leave us, honey?" said nurse, with a tear in the corner of her eye. "It's me that's sorry for meself but thankful for you; for sure the like of you was never fit to fight with them children. But many a day I'll

miss your quiet ways, and think upon you in foreign parts. Sure, then, I make no doubt it's for the good of your soul; for they're all good Catholics there."

"Well, I declare, Miss Francis is going away! Is she going to live with that dreadful old Mrs. Lancaster, mamma?" cried the amiable Minnie, "I am so glad she is not to bother us any more."

The nursery and the kitchen had their opinions upon the same subject; but Zaidée never suspected them, and was quite unconscious. Her eyes shone with their old glow already, and her heart rose to its new life.

CHAPTER XVIII.—A FAREWELL.

It was indisputable that the house of Disbrowe was very glad to be rid of Zaidée. The brow of mamma was cleared of its wrinkle, and the children rejoiced in riotous expectation of being sent to school. The workroom of Miss Francis was visited now and then by investigating expeditions, to see how she was satisfied, and to prove to her how much *they* were. Mrs. Disbrowe said, with compunction, that she trusted Mrs. Lancaster's friend would be kind to the poor child; but that really it was not her place to interfere, if Miss Francis herself was satisfied, and she hoped she had written to her friends. Miss Francis was very well satisfied. She had created a future for herself already, and was on the most loving, confidential terms with that distant Mary, who was the sweetest child that ever was born. Vague visions of a wide country, full of rivers and of mountains, came to Zaidée's mind, and her heart beat to think upon the rough, friendly, familiar wind, and all the cloudy glory of the broad heavens, from which she had been exiled here. The very idea of travel was a strange and new delight to her, and with it came again the sad comfort that this far-away journey was almost as good as if she had died. "Neither Philip, nor Percy, nor Captain Bernard, could find me now," said Zaidée, shedding a few tears over that treasured newspaper, as she put it up with her father's Bible; and afterwards it was so easy to pack her small wardrobe. A cab stood at the door to carry her away in solitary state to that dowager house at the Regent's Park, where Mrs. Lancaster and Mrs. Lancaster's friend awaited her. Lettie and Rosie were peeping from the top of the nursery stairs; Nurse was waiting with her apron at her eyes; Mrs. Disbrowe stood at the drawing-room door to say farewell; and Buttons hovered in the hall below—all to hail the exit of Miss Francis—her defeat and failure in her first wrestle with her fate.

"The blessing of God go with you, honey!" said nurse, wiping her eyes with her apron. "I shall always be glad to hear of your welfare," said Mrs. Disbrowe, shaking Zaidée's hand. Then she got into the dingy cab, and the door was closed upon her, with a noise which made her start. The door was closed also in Bedford Place. "The long unlively

street" glided away past her, as her vehicle rattled over the stones. Zaidee looked out wistfully upon the long line of doors and windows, all closed and cold, and turned in again upon herself and her small possessions, setting forth once more alone. Then the tears came one after another, and dropped upon her hands. She could not tell what it was she wept for; but her heart was full and overflowed.

She was setting forth again upon the unknown world; but Zaidee was fearless as only a child can be. No shadows rose across her open way, and heaven was clear above it—always present, always near at hand to be appealed to. It was only a vague forlornness and solitude which brought those tears to her eyes. She went forth in simple sincerity, without a fear.

To make her reception all, the more solemn, Mrs. Lancaster had appointed it to be in her great drawing-room, where all the chairs were in pinafores. Mrs. Burtonshaw had already packed up her jewelry, and looked all the better for it, as she sat in a plain cap and a warm morning dress by the side of the fire. There were a great many parcels about the room; parcels of books marked, "for my dearest Mary;" and softer parcels, fresh from luxurious shops of silk-mercery, "for my sister," "for Mr. Cumberland," and "for my dearest Mary," again. If these were all presents, Mrs. Burtonshaw was a visitor worth having. Mrs. Lancaster sat at a table, writing the name of that same dearest Mary, "with the best regards of J. L.," in a book of good advice for young ladies, very richly bound, and gay to look at, though of weight enough to break down the understanding of any unwary young lady deluded into making acquaintance with the contents within. Zaidee and her "wardrobe," which, in the little box Mrs. Disbrowe had given her, Mrs. Lancaster's factotum carried in one hand contemptuously, were first taken up stairs to a little room, close to Mrs. Burtonshaw's, which was Miss Francis's room for the night. Mrs. Lancaster's maid stood and looked on, while Zaidee took off her little brown cloak and bonnet, and then, with rather more authority than respect intimated that the young lady was sent for to the drawing-room, and ushered her upon this scene of preparation. Mrs. Lancaster looked up from her writing to say, "how do you do?" and Mrs. Burtonshaw held out her hand to Zaidee. The girl's immediate interest in that dearest distant Mary had won Mrs. Burtonshaw's heart.

"Well dear, are you ready? We start to-morrow," said this brisk little lady, who was carefully coating a pretty writing case with cover after cover of silver paper. "I must see your things, you know, if they are suitable; and you will want a great many wraps for the journey; it will take us more than a week to get there. By the by you have never told me your Christian name!"

The blood rushed to Zaidee. Vivian's face in a glow of shame. She said "Elizabeth," in a

faltering undertone. It was true, she had been called Elizabeth as well as Zaidee at her baptism; but it concerned her honor that she was thus obliged to disown her own proper name.

"Elizabeth? I am so very glad it is a common name," said Mrs. Burtonshaw. "My sister is very anxious to call Mary, Maria; but she will not have it; and I am sure, if your name had been Augusta, or Laura, or any of these, the dear child would not have liked you half so well. Elizabeth? Well, to be sure! Do you know I am called Elizabeth myself?"

Zaidee looked up at her, believing that this must surely have been the reason why her heart warmed to the old lady; for every thing must be good and lovable, which bore her beautiful cousin's name.

"Do you think it is a pretty name," asked simple Mrs. Burtonshaw.

"I think it is like a princess," said Zaidee; for Zaidee was thinking of Elizabeth Vivian, and not of the old lady by her side.

"Well, to be sure! Mary always says she is a matter-of-fact girl. She has no poetry about her; but that is because my sister always bores the dear child with poetry. You must not think I am ignorant what a very superior woman Mrs. Cumberland is, Miss Francis," continued Mrs. Burtonshaw, correcting herself, and looking dignified; "But I really do believe, though I am only her aunt, my dear love takes more after me than her mamma, and I cannot say I had ever much head for poetry. Mary has, I believe, if she only turned her attention to it; she might do almost any thing; but she has such plain tastes, just like me. My dear, are you fond of poetry?"

"Yes," said Zaidee, in whose estimation Mary fell immensely after this speech of her aunt's.

"Indeed! "Well, I am sure, Mary will like you, whether or not," said Mrs. Burtonshaw, with a momentary hesitation. "I dare say, you don't know so much about it as her mamma does; and I think, my dear, if I were you I would not say any verses to her. She never liked it. I would not, if I were you."

"I never say verses, except to myself," said Zaidee, feeling a little wounded in a tender point.

"Ah, that is right," said the relieved Mrs. Burtonshaw. "You will get on very well together, I am sure. I am taking a great many books to Mary, you see, my dear; and Mrs. Lancaster is sending her one, a very good one. She is a dear, sensible child; she loves good books."

"Now, Zaidee, with her wild imagination, could not be said to love good books; but, nevertheless, had read them in emergencies, when nothing else was to be had; so she looked with interest at the rich Russia cover, brave with much gilding, and was disposed to think that Mary must be a most fortunate girl.

"I have something to say to Miss Francis," said Mrs. Lancaster, rising. "Mrs. Disbrowe,

of course, had no right either to object or to sanction; but it is a serious thing going abroad. I should like to communicate with your friends."

Zaidee made no answer. She never even raised her eyes—and it was only by the deep color rushing to her face, that it was apparent she had heard the question.

"Were they unkind to you, my dear? Is that why you are so unwilling to have them spoken of?" asked kind Mrs. Burtonshaw.

"They were very kind to me," said Zaidée, hurriedly; "so kind that I never knew I was a burden to them, till—I found it out; and now they would rather keep me than let me labour for myself;—that is why they must not be told; for I will never be a burden on them again."

Mrs. Lancaster put down her pen, and considered. "Well, that is a reason," said Mrs. Lancaster. "Come here, my child, and tell me their name, and all about them; and I will promise not to write."

But Zaidée was not to be persuaded. The two ladies could get nothing from her but a repetition of what she had already said. Mrs. Burtonshaw, if she had no head for poetry, had a feminine respect for a mystery. "She will tell me, I dare say, when we are by ourselves," said the good lady, with innocent complacency. And Zaidée was vexed with no more questions that night.

CHAP. XIX.—GOING AWAY.

The next morning Zaidée assisted at the packing of a great many trunks and cases laden with the aforesaid presents and with the personal possessions of Mrs. Burtonshaw, and had her own little box wondered over and commented on, to her small satisfaction. But Zaidée forgot all these minor mortifications, when the next morning, with many farewells and God bless you's herself and her patroness drove off from the door of Mrs. Lancaster. "I will never see you again, my dear; my health is not what it used to be," said the one old lady to the other. "We are getting old, but for all that I hope to come back to you yet," answered the cheery voice of Mrs. Burtonshaw; but Zaidée saw Mrs. Lancaster shake her head as she stood with her cloak wrapped about her in the threshold of her own door.

Zaidée herself was carefully wrapped up in the shawls and mantles of her kind companion; and there followed after that six days of dreamy enjoyment, such as she had never known before. She felt none of the discomforts which Mrs. Burtonshaw complained of. Those rumbling diligences, rattling along through unknown countries, where every peasant, waiting on the roadside to see the coach go by, was like a figure in a picture to the fresh-hearted child—those famous rivers, which she bowed to meet, as if great personages were presented to her—those old quaint towns, whose gleaming lights it was so pleasant to see, when out of the still night roads the travellers dashed in upon their

echoing stones—everything was full of delight to Zaidée. Her young frame and open heart threw off the weariness and annoyances of the journey. The novelty and difference from all she had known before did not jar upon fixed habits in her case, but were so many additional pleasures; and Zaidée leaned back in a corner of the malleposte, or sat on a bench in the river steamer, silent, looking out of herself with those dark gleaming eyes of hers, not aware that she was travelling, but only aware of the noble panorama which glided past her, hill after hill, and town on town. She was too much absorbed to have time for talking, but fortunately it was not difficult to listen to Mrs. Burtonshaw while she gazed on everything around her. So Mrs. Burtonshaw, finding so good a listener, was led to tell Zaidée a great deal of her family history, and had not yet got the slightest hint of the young stranger's secret in return.

"My sister Maria Anna and I were married about the same time, my dear," said Mrs. Burtonshaw, as they jolted along over German high-roads, up and down, with a team of four straggling horses, and a postilion in blue and silver. The interior of the diligence contained two other passengers, but they were wrapped in the deafness of their Germanity, and knew no English. "My good Mr. Burtonshaw was a great deal older than I was, and died many years ago. My son was just born then, and his father only lived long enough to give him his name. Some people think it an odd name," continued the good lady; "to me it is a very pretty one. He is called Sylvester, my dear. He was the most beautiful baby you ever saw, and now he is a very fine young man. Everybody admires my Sylvio. He is a student at Stuttgart, which is not very far from where we are going. You shall see him by-and-by; and I think if I could see Sylvio married to Mary Cumberland, I should be quite willing to die."

Zaidée, who knew neither Sylvio nor Mary Cumberland, withdrew her eyes for a moment from those mangel-wurzel fields. This sort of story-telling was of the greatest interest to her. By way of testifying her attention, she raised her shining, animated eyes to the narrator's face.

"And Maria Anna married Mr. Cumberland," continued Mrs. Burtonshaw. "She was always the cleverest, my dear; but when we were both young, I looked better than she did. People used to say 'the clever one' and 'the pretty one,' when they wanted to distinguish us—we were the two Misses Essex then—from each other. Mr. Cumberland is rich, but he has a great many fancies—and I cannot say that Maria Anna is quite free of them herself; so first and last they have been a very changeable household, I can tell you, which makes it all the greater wonder that my dear love, Mary, should be such a sensible child. Mr. Cumberland is a very troublesome man. He does not hold by his principles, you see, my dear. He is always adopting a new system, and does the strangest things sometimes. He sold his place

in the country—a very handsome place, in a beautiful quarter—and went and bought a cottage in Wales, for some fancy he took—that we ought to follow Nature; and then I found my sweet Mary with chopped hands and patens, trudging about a little farm-yard after a Welsh dairy-maid—feeding poultry, and doing all sorts of things—and Maria Anna actually giving in to him, and praising Nature to the skies, though I never heard that *she* milked the cow. Well, that would not do; and then Mr. Cumberland became very much disgusted with the Celts, and vowed there was neither industry, nor honesty, nor one thing nor another, except among the Saxons; so what did he do but start off *poste-haste* for Germany, to live among the true Teutonic race, as he called it. They have been living here a whole year, in a little out-of-the-way town; and as it is three months since I left them, I cannot tell what new order of things there may be now. I don't live with them, you know, my dear, but I do love to see Sylvio with his cousin, and I spend most of my time beside her. Maria Anna has got a great deal of non—I mean she has some new ideas about education, and plagued me sadly to bring out a young lady to be a companion to Mary. I never should have thought of it but for you; and Mary will be so glad to have you with her, I am sure."

It did not strike simple Zaidee that, in the frequent repetition of this certainty, there was a lurking doubt of *not* being quite sure that Mary would be glad of her companion. Mrs. Burtonshaw, indeed, grew rather uneasy and anxious this afternoon, as the short day darkened, and the night fell upon their journey; and once or twice speculated uncomfortably of how she could dispose of Zaidee, should this unfortunate doubt come true. In the mean time their cumbrous vehicle rolled on through the darkness—the long loose traces of the horses, the whip and the shouts of the postilion, making a great din in the noiseless country and quiet night. Zaidee leaned back in her corner, and with a meditative pleasure looked out upon the trees growing less and less visible in the twilight, and anon standing out black against the silvery light when the moon rose. Then the coach lumbered over a wooden bridge, and there was a clear glimmer of water, broad and calm—an inland stream, with a strong current and bare banks of marshy grass. Mrs. Burtonshaw, who had been dozing, woke up, and looked out. "That is the Danube, my love," said Mrs. Burtonshaw; "we will soon be there." The Danube! Zaidee started, and looked back; but, after all, it was only a glimmer of water shining under the moon. Then there came another long course through these rugged roads, where the trees threw up their black shadows against the moonlight, and Zaidee, in her musing girlish reverie, had almost crossed the line which divides waking dreams from the dreams of sleep. She was roused by the hand of her companion straightening the edge of her bonnet and folding back her mantle. "We shall soon be there," said Mrs. Burtonshaw,

nervously, arranging Zaidee's dress as if she were a child. "Are you very tired? Now, that is right, you look quite bright again, and we are very near home."

First a few straggling lights, then a great old heavy gateway opening upon a narrow street of antique houses with sharp gables, and a great slope of roof, and then with a great dash and noise into a stony market-place, the Platz of the free city of Ulm. Zaidee could see, at every turn they took, a great dark tower looming over the houses, and just as near at one point as at another; but now her wandering attention was recalled by the lights close at hand, flashing into the carriage, by German kinsfolk waving salutations to the German travellers in the *interieur*, and by a bronzed English face, young and plentifully decorated with beard, smiling a broad welcome to Mrs. Burtonshaw. "That is my Sylvio! there is the carriage to take us home!" cries the old lady, her anxiety disappearing in joyful excitement; and the next moment Zaidee, in amaze, is hurriedly handed out upon the rough stony pavement, and the journey is at an end.

CHAP. XX.—FIRST IMPRESSIONS.

"A young lady, Sylvio, to be brought up with Mary. How is my dear child?" said Mrs. Burtonshaw, as her son's astonished glance fell upon Zaidee. Zaidee—somewhat benumbed with fatigue and cold, confused by the sudden descent from the coach, dazzled by the lights, and a little nervous, in expectation of this first appearance among the strangers who were henceforth to be her guardians—was standing apart by herself, looking at the vast shadow of the Domkirche, which was visible here as everywhere else, but conscious of the inquiring looks of Sylvester Burtonshaw, and very conscious that she was alone—alone! The word seemed to have double significance in this strange foreign place, where everything was novel which she looked at, and everything was unintelligible that she heard.

"Get in, mother. I'll look after the boxes," was the brief response of Sylvester; and Zaidee was hurried after Mrs. Burtonshaw into a strange musty vehicle, which forthwith began to rumble out of the Platz, and through one of the narrow lines of streets which opened from it. With a great jar and clank, as of rusty iron, they rolled along through the darkness, where Zaidee could hear the voice of Mrs. Burtonshaw, running on in a perpetual stream of question, but could see neither mother nor son. After passing under another great gateway, the carriage came to an abrupt halt. A door was thrown open, and Sylvester Burtonshaw leaped out of the vehicle, and his mother cried out for Mary, and exclaimed how thankful she was to be at home.

And the forlorn Zaidee, for whom there was no welcome, followed into a long lofty apartment, with closed folding-doors on either side of it, and a stove at the further end, through the little open door of which there shone an intense glow of red, like a furnace. This great room

was covered with matting, and furnished with chill formal lines of furniture, cold marble tables, and gilded chairs, which seemed only made to range themselves against that long white line of wall. Before the stove, however, was spread a large fringed square of Turkey carpet, on which stood a round table hospitably furnished, and a variety of easy chairs and footstools, well polished glimmering wood, and ruddy silken damask, lighted up with a good-sized lamp on the table, and the red glow from the fire. As she still stood apart by herself, half-way down the long apartment, nobody bestowing yet any notice upon her loneliness, Zaidee's dazzled eyes sought eagerly for Mary, the sweetest child that ever was born;—a fair-haired girl, with that pure white-and-red complexion which is so distinctly English—with thick curls hanging on her pretty white neck—with blue eyes, and a stout well-proportioned figure, who is at present busily employed in disrobing Mrs. Burtonshaw. Is that Mary? But, alas! if appearances are true, it never can be Zaidee Vivian's confidential friend. The pale lady behind, who has gone back already to her chair, and who has a book laid open upon her knee, whose hair is arranged after a classic fashion, and who has no cap to keep warm those poor thin cheeks of hers, is, without doubt, Maria Anna, Mrs. Burtonshaw's sister; and there is Mr. Cumberland, shrugging his thin shoulders, looking about him with eyes full of curiosity, and the impatience of a garrulous nature. Sylvester Burtonshaw, six feet high, bronzed and bearded, and his very little mother, who cannot deny herself gay ribbons even in this wintry journey, make up the party. Everybody is asking questions, no one answering; and Zaidee, half-way down the room, with her cold hand upon the colder marble of a little side-table, stands motionless like a cloud or a shadow, throwing out upon them the light of those gleaming restless eyes.

When she is remembered and introduced, she is received with considerable kindness, but a good deal of surprise; and it is very soon suggested that Miss Francis, after her long journey, will be glad to go to rest. Miss Francis is very glad to go to rest, and to leave this great room, with its one warm point of light, and its family party, for the little closet within Mrs. Burtonshaw's bedroom, where they say she is to sleep. There is a fire in the stove in Mrs. Burtonshaw's room, which, nevertheless, looks very large and cold, with its little bed innocent of curtains; and Zaidee has to ascend a few steps to reach the little chamber in the wall appropriated to herself. The little room proves, however, to be more a chamber in the roof than in the wall, and is lighted by one of those strange little attic windows, of which there are ever so many in the long deep slope of the roof. Looking out from it after the unintelligible German maid has disappeared with her little tray, the stranger turns her wistful eyes towards the friendly stars, which look down upon her with compassion—the only eyes in all this strange country that have seen her face before—

and weeps a few tears to herself, silently remembering how the Bible speaks of "a stranger and a sojourner." Turning her head a little as she weeps, Zaidee is suddenly awed into composure by that great shadow rising upon the sky—the shadow everywhere near at hand, and present in the little circle of this town—the great stately cathedral tower. The tears dry of their own accord in her eyes, and she looks with a silent reverence upon that vast blue sky, and this great hoary presence rising into it—an old, old silent worshipper of Him who made heaven and earth; and so, very quiet, and with a hush of awe and wonder upon her, Zaidee Vivian says her prayers—the prayers of a child—and goes to sleep.

In the meantime Mary Cumberland, with whom awe and reverence are unknown emotions, has followed Zaidee, with eyes in which good humor is mingled with some derision; and while her father abounds in inquiries, Who is she?—where did you find her?—and Mrs. Cumberland exclaims, "Do tell me; I am sure that child has a story"—Mary, not scrupling to interrupt both, asks, "Did you bring her for me, aunt Elizabeth? What am I to do with a companion? I get on very well without one. Was it for what mamma calls my studies? But I shall take care I have all that is necessary, aunt. And what am I to do with this girl?"

"On the contrary, I am much obliged to you, Elizabeth," says Mrs. Cumberland. "I can see this is a dear little enthusiast by her eyes; and now I shall be able to carry out my ideas. Where did you find her, dear?"

"Brought any news with you, sister Elizabeth?" asked the fidgety papa. "What do you say to the great revolution which has taken place in the economics of the country since you left us? No such bills of mortality in England now, I promise you. Not quite to your taste, eh, sister Burtonshaw? Sylvio, there, the great beef-eating rascal, won't hear of it. Ay, we'll see you all out, the whole unnatural race of you. We live by the pure regulation of nature now, Maria Anna and I."

"It suits my constitution," said the lady languidly. "How can anything delicate, anything ethereal, survive in connection with the gross eating and drinking we have all been used to? With roots, and fruits, and pure water, what could any one desire more?"

The amazed stranger turned wonderingly from one to another. "I don't understand you Mr. Cumberland. What *can* you mean, Maria Anna? There's no revolution in England. What are the children laughing at? I can't understand what you all mean."

"England is a conservative country, and slow to adopt improvements," said Mr. Cumberland pompously. "We must come in the night of experience, the infallible demonstration of health and length of days. I am thankful to say, sister Burtonshaw, that there have always been some Englishmen before their age. Whatever you may have seen in our benighted country, you will find nothing suggestive of the

genus *carnivora* in this humble house of mine." "Don't touch the pie, Aunt Elizabeth—don't!" cried Mary; while aunt Elizabeth, knife and fork in hand, looked round her in dismay.

"What do you all mean?" cried the hungry traveller, faltering. "Is it not a pigeon-pie, then? Why must I not touch it, Mary? and what is Sylvio laughing at? and what in the world do you all mean?"

"Let me assist you, my dear sister. I have the warmest satisfaction in offering this wholesome fare to you," said the philosophical head of the house. "So many sanguinary meals have been discussed at my table; but we will make amends—we will make amends."

With anything but the full and generous confidence with which she would have received it, had it been the pigeon-pie which her well-appetised imagination expected, Mrs. Burtonshaw jealously inspected the contents of her plate. "It's potatoes," cried Mrs. Burtonshaw, turning it over doubtfully with her fork. Then there was a pause. "It's turnips!" said the good lady in a somewhat louder tone. Another pause. "There's cabbage, I declare!" cried the excited traveller. Then, after a solemn interval, "It's a mess!" said Mrs. Burtonshaw indignantly, and pushed her plate away.

Mr. Cumberland commenced a little lecture in exposition of his new principles. Mrs. Cumberland lamented that people should waste their emotions on such a thing as a dinner. The young people laughed; but Mrs. Burtonshaw's indignation was not to be put down so easily. "I have borne a great deal," said the good lady, emphatically, rising from her chair. "I've put up with all your freaks and your fancies, and never said a word to them; but I don't intend to put up with this. Thank Providence, there's the Kron-prinzen left! Call that poor girl, Sylvio—I won't have her starved either—and come and see to your mother's comfort, you great unfeeling boy!"

Yes, the new system was too refined for Mrs. Burtonshaw. Mr. Cumberland, with a groan, saw a succession of little trays arriving from the kitchen, containing something else than roots; and it required all the caresses and persuasions of Mary to mollify the offended lady. "I knew your father was full of fancies, my love," said Mrs. Burtonshaw, when her niece went with her to her own apartment; "but I never could have believed him so far gone as this—*and Maria Anna* to give in to him! Of course you're looking pale, my darling—I knew you would—you always do when I go away; and to think of them *starving* you, my poor child!"

"They have not starved me yet," said the laughing Mary; "and now that you are done with being angry, aunt Elizabeth, have you not brought any news from home?"

"Yes, boxes full," said Mrs. Burtonshaw, restored to good humour by the idea. "But Mary, dear, tell me first—Did you look at poor little Miss Francis? Shall you like her? I am sure she will make you a nice companion. Are you pleased with her, my love?"

Now Mary Cumberland was accustomed already, with the calmest self-possession, to exercise a very distinct and positive will of her own. Obedience was not a quality of hers; and the want of it gave rather too much sharpness and distinctness of outline to the character of this young lady—which, after all, was a very good character in the main.

"How can I tell, aunt? I only just looked at her," said Mary. "But I did not want a companion; I was a great deal better alone."

"Don't say so, my love," said Mrs. Burtonshaw. "You want a young friend. I know you want a young friend; and you must try to like her, for your poor aunt's sake."

"Well, I will, aunt Elizabeth," said Mary, slightly shrugging her shoulders; "but tell me why."

"Poor little soul, I have brought her among strangers," said Mrs. Burtonshaw. "She has no friends—she is quite alone; and I promised that you would like her my love. I did, that I might bring her here."

"These are all reasons why one should be sorry for her, aunt," said Mary, who was of a logical turn of mind. "But to like her—well, never mind. Mamma is sure to be quite in raptures with her, and I will do what I can. She looks what mamma calls interesting, aunt. I don't like interesting people; I am best pleased with common people, like aunt Burtonshaw and me."

The only answer to this was a silent hug from Mrs. Burtonshaw. Mrs. Cumberland would have made it an embrace, and done it gracefully; but her sister had no thought of how it would look, when, after three months' absence, she took her favorite into her loving arms.

CHAPTER XXI.—A YOUNG CRITIC.

"And so Miss Francis does not know any German, poor dear—and has never been abroad before—and, of course, would like to see the town? If I were able, my love, I should like, above all things, to revive my own first impressions by seeing yours, but I am not able. Mary must take you to the cathedral; and I am sure you will long, as I do, to see it restored to the beautiful religion for which it was built."

"What, aunt! You a Protestant, to say so much," cried young Burtonshaw.

"Ah, Sylvio! when you look to the higher sentiments of our nature—that love of the beautiful which seeks the superlative of everything—you will see how poor a thing it is to speak of Protestant or Catholic," sighed Mrs. Cumberland. "Heaven be praised, I have no prejudices! I can look with equal candor on one and another; and what I speak of, my dear boy, is the aesthetics of the matter—the fitness of things."

"Well, I thank Providence, for my part, I know nothing of aesthetics," cried Mrs. Burtonshaw; but if there is one thing in the world I hate, it is *that* Pope and all his crew. Why, they're in the Bible, *Maria Anna*! everything but the name."

"There's a very good principle in their fasts,

sister Burtonshaw," said Mr. Cumberland. "They call them fasts—nonsense! they are only standing testimonials to the truth of my principles. Wise men these old Romans, Sylvo; they knew man was not made a carnivorous animal, and they did what they could to loose the shackles of custom—but did not go far enough, sir—did not go far enough. That's why they failed."

During this conversation Mary Cumberland sat by, looking on, with a sparkle of derision in her well-opened blue eyes, and her mind on the alert and watching for a blunder. Not a crocheted of her father, nor a piece of extravagance from her mother's lips, escaped the notice or the criticism of Mary. The justest sentiment in the world would have presented a ludicrous phase to her as she sat thus, waiting to hear "what mamma would say next," or "what papa had in his head now." Zaidée, on the contrary, who did not know these kind people, turned her eyes from one to another with devout attention. Mary Cumberland did not believe in her father and her mother—it was the misfortune of her life; but Zaidée Vivian, with her simple sincerity and her child's heart, believed in every one whose words had the sanction of age; and had a natural veneration for the natural orders and classifications of life. While the one sat on the watch to find something which might be openly laughed at, the other turned from speaker to speaker with genuine respect; and Mary was disposed to pity the poor child who listened so devoutly to mamma's enthusiasm and papa's philosophy. She herself had a great contempt for both of these. She concluded that Zaidée must be a great deal lower than herself in what she called intelligence and spirit.

"Yes, you will show Miss Francis the cathedral and the town. Do, my love," said Mrs. Burtonshaw; "and I shall have my news, you know—all my budget from home—ready when you return. Well, dear, she is not equal to you perhaps, but she is a good girl for all that—and left so much to herself. Do go with her, Mary, my darling; the walk will do you good."

Mary shrugged her shoulders and went.

They had a very silent walk for some time, each of them busy with an examination of the other, which soon, however, merged with Zaidée into entire occupation with what she saw. Yonder again was that great tower raising itself so loftily, with such a grand simple grace over all those burgher houses—over the half-ruined fortifications and swift-flowing river. Mr. Cumberland's house was just without the walls; and before they had reached the square in front of the great church, Mary had perused her new companion all over, from her brown face—which Mary, in opposition to ordinary predilections, concluded would be handsome some day—to the feet which went so quickly and so silently over the rugged narrow pavement. There is little traffic in the city of Ulm. The broad sunshine fell over this great square, uninterrupted save by the linen awning of one small fruit-merchant, who sold two winter ap-

ples for a krentzer; and by a passing cart—a triangular trough of wood—which a patient cow was dragging meekly towards the Platz. And there with some little houses—houses that looked so dwarfish beside its great proportions—clinging on like mosses to the basement of its wall—this stately pile of building erected its lofty roof, and threw up its delicate shafts towards the sky.

Mary Cumberland would have thought it very grand if her mother had not been in ecstasies; but Zaidée, who had no such consideration to deter her, looked up at it in perfect silence, straining her wistful eyes, but saying not a word. "If she goes into raptures, I will have no more to do with her," said Mary to herself; and Mary watched her with a suspicious eye, and the look of a cynic. To be only fifteen, yet to dread "humbug" everywhere, is a great misfortune. The young lady eyed Zaidée curiously with her half-derisive eyes.

But Zaidée only drew a long breath and gazed again. This great tower of the Cathedral of Ulm should have been a heaven-piercing spire, they say, and is not half completed; but chance has been kinder than intention, and given a picturesque effect to the abrupt little roof and pinnacle, which perhaps might have failed in a work of finished regularity. The stone is red, but greyed or greened all over with the faintest universal tinge of moss.

"Was it ever built, do you think?" said Zaidée, turning round upon her companion rapidly. If she had made a thrust at her with the dangling weapon of this passing soldier, she could not have taken her critic more completely by surprise. Mary's eyes, with all their incipient satire and watchfulness, fell in a moment before the simple sincerity of her companion. Zaidée meant what she said; and if some one had been by with a tale of miracle, and vouched for it, that this complete and perfect edifice was found one morning in the old years of fable, by some devout and pious burgher, standing firm as it does now, without a stone laid or a pillar raised by mortal hands, this visionary girl would have believed it. But the unfortunate education of Mary Cumberland made imagination either "humbug" or "display" to her. With the sore contempt of one who is subject to daily humiliation from false exhibitions of sentiment, this poor girl scouted and scorned the true. "You should say that to mamma," said Mary, with a little laugh: but not the less was Mary struck with wonder and curiosity, scarcely less than Zaidée's own. "What does she mean, I wonder—what can she mean?" inquired Mary of herself. She was of a truthful nature, and fact was familiar to her, but she did not comprehend at all how it was, that Zaidée's mind, in its fresh and open usefulness, full of belief and marvelling admiration, could really mean only what she said in asking such a question. The young lady was armed at all points against enthusiasm; But not for all this little Wirtemberg could Mary Cumberland have told you what Zaidée Vivian could mean.

They went on again after that to the other lions of the quaint little ancient town, and to the Danube flowing full and strong under its walls. They went in silence, not knowing what to say to each other; and Mary could not record a single "beautiful," or "grand," or "sublime;" or indeed an exclamation of any sort from her companion's lips. "Are you not pleased? would you rather go home!" asked Mary at last, weary of puzzling and being disappointed. "Do you think Ulm is not a fine town after those you have seen?"

"I have never seen anything like that," said Zaidée, pointing to the tower, which was always visible, rising through the clear blue frosty air, at every turn they took.

"Do you think it is beautiful? do you think it is grand?" said Zaidée's tempter.

But Zaidée looked uneasy, was slow to answer, and would not be beguiled into transports, of which her companion could be comfortably contemptuous. "I do not know what names to call it," said Zaidée; "I think it looks as if it lived and had been here for all these long, long hundreds of years. Did you ever see a great mountain? is it like that tower?"

"Did you ever see one?" asked Mary in return.

"I only know a little hill at home," said Zaidée with becoming humility. "It is not high, but there is nothing higher between it and heaven; and you can look far away to the sea, and the wind rushes round you, all round, without any shelter. I think, though it is low and little, the mountains themselves must be like that hill; that is all I know of them."

"If we go to Switzerland, you will see enough of mountains," said Mary. "Do you like to travel? Tell me what you like best to see. I like the valleys and the quiet country. I do not care for anything grand. I like to see the farm houses, and the people going home at night; and poor little cottages and brown little children on the way. What is your name? I don't like to call you Miss Francis," cried Mary suddenly plunging into the frankest unreserve; "and tell me what you like best to see."

This sudden leap from suspicious restraint into the exuberant friendship of a school-girl, puzzled Zaidée almost as much as Zaidée had puzzled her new friend. But the surprise was a pleasant one; and the two girls proceeded on their way arm in arm, comparing likings and experiences. The stranger had made a conquest already. This honest, ill-nurtured improvable Mary, was Zaidée's fast friend.

CHAPTER XXII.—FRIENDSHIP.

"Aunt Burtonshaw said I wanted a companion; I never thought so I am sure. But now I see aunt Burtonshaw was right" confessed Mary Cumberland. "I never had a friend before, had you? And I want to understand you. You want to understand me

too, I suppose? And now come and tell me what you like and what you don't like, and all that you think about. I shall call you Lizzy. I like that best for a name, because there is nothing fine about it. Do you like Ulm now that you have seen it? Do you think it is a grand church that? and isn't it funny to see these poor cows instead of horses, and the country people with their red handkerchiefs, and their brown faces? They don't think of their complexion in Wirtemberg; they have no time for that. Were you ever ill? I was once since we came here; and it was so strange to lie and listen to the river and to the great chimes in the Dom. I should have died I think, but for aunt Elizabeth. Was she very good to you? Do you like her very much? Every one ought, I think, for she is always so kind."

Coming to a pause less from want of matter than from want of breath, Mary pulled her friends sleeve, and looked into her face. "Are you asleep, or why don't you speak to me?" cried Mary. "Why did you come to Ulm? Now tell me quick, for I don't like solemn people. What made you come here?"

"It was as good as dying" said Zaidée in her low voice; it is so far away."

"As good as dying!" Mary was struck with horror. "Why, what put dying in your head I should like to know? Is the house so dull, do you think. I don't like dull houses myself, nor a great many heavy trees; but mamma thinks it romantic, interesting! One can't help what one's mamma thinks—people must submit to that" said Mary shrugging her shoulders; but I am sorry if the house looks so dismal to you."

"I do not think the house is dismal. That little room is like a little room at home," said Zaidée; "and I like to be here; I was very glad to come. Do you know any stories of the time when that tower was made? I think it must be a very long time ago."

"Do you like old stories?" said Mary, at present, bent, with true girlish earnestness, on a minute comparison of experiences and opinions. "I like stories of common people, and the present time; I don't care about antiquity. Mamma says I have such bad taste, and am so prosaic. I like to-day a great deal better than yesterday; so I am not like you."

"I like to-morrow," said Zaidée her dark face brightening, "where I can make stories for myself, and they may all come true. Have you bad taste, and are you prosaic? I should not like that."

"Mamma says so," said Mary, with the unflinching shrug. "Oh yes, I suppose I am. We are not interesting, nor romantic nor poetical; we are only common people, aunt Burtonshaw and I."

"What does common people mean?" asked Zaidée.

But Mary could not very well answer the question. Mary had no recollection at the moment, of the pride that apes humility; she only knew that she was opposed, with all her

might, to the sentimentality of mamma, and did not perceive, that to boast of *not* being superior was about as bad and rather more foolish, than to boast of superiority. Mamma's extreme refinement and ethereal delicacy threw Mary in disgust, to the opposite extreme; but simple Zaidée, who was no observer of character, and who asked the question in pure good faith, and without an inference, could not help to enlighten her friend.

"I mean just like every body else—I mean—why, just common people to be sure," said Mary eluding the difficulty. "Now, what I should like best when I am grown up would be a great house in the country, like that beautiful place papa was so foolish as to sell; with a village at the park gates, and London not very far off. I should like to live a pleasant neighborly life, and visit the other people about, and go to town sometimes. I should like to have a great many dresses and jewels, and everything handsome about me; and to choose my own friends, and have things like what other people have. I should like to have a cheerful house, and everybody saying what they thought. That is what I should choose."

"Zaidée made no answer; she was looking out from the window, where, beyond that great tower, the clouds were troublous and broken like the stormy Cheshire skies; and Zaidée's tangled thoughts were flying hither and thither like so many birds of passage, between the Grange of Briarford, and Ulm on the Danube—this far away foreign town.

"Why will you not speak?" asked Mary. "I tell you what I am thinking, but you never say any thing to me. Tell me, what should you like best?"

Zaidée made a long pause of consideration, as her companion thought. "I would like to be the youngest child, and always to live at home, and never bring harm or sorrow," cried Zaidée in her low and rapid voice—and Zaidée in her imagination, saw a hundred crowding pictures of the blessedness of the youngest child, "whom no one could ever think of leaving fortunes or estates to—the little one, everybody's servant, whom everybody loved," said Zaidée. And Mary could by no means understand the passion of restrained and eager longing, which sounded in Zaidée's cry.

"Are you afraid of having a fortune left you," asked Mary; and it was a very legitimate question. "Did any one ever threaten to leave you a fortune?" continued the young lady, roused into something of her former criticism and suspiciousness. "I should not have run away, if I had been you. I should like to have a fortune left me myself. I am afraid we are not much like each other, after all, for I am not above being rich, or fortunate, or happy."

But if this sidelong shaft was intended to wound Zaidée, it proved a signal failure, for Zaidée's thoughts had already struck aside on different ground. "Do you think little children when they die are always sure to go to heaven?" asked the dreamer, withdrawing her

eyes from the sky where they had travelled upwards by means of the great tower, and fixing them wistfully on Mary's face.

Mary, who was very honest, and revered everything which she called religion without knowing very well what religion meant, faltered a little. "Yes, I think so," said Mary; but it struck her at the moment, more than usual, how far out of her acquaintance this other country was.

"Then I wish most of all I had died then," said Zaidée; "that would have been best."

"I cannot tell how it could be best to die," said Mary Cumberland. "It is all very well to say such a thing; but no one means it, I am sure. Why, if it was only for other people, would you like to make some one grieve for you? I should not, though I am not sentimental. I should not like to think of any one weeping and mourning for me."

"No, if you brought harm to them," said Zaidée quickly; "but if you only died! We all loved my uncle Percy when he was living, but so dearly, so dearly when they carried him away! I could bear them to grieve for me; I could bear to see them weeping if I died; but not to vex them, and bring them trouble, and live through it all. They would know me then, No one would think of harm or sorrow, but only of love, if God would let me die!"

"Who are *they*?—and who is your uncle?—and what do you mean?" cried Mary Cumberland. "You are a strange girl. I do not understand you. What do you mean?"

The next words that Zaidée addressed to her, convinced Mary that anything like a "rational answer" was not to be expected from her new companion. "I hear the Danube," said Zaidée. "Is it far till you come to the rocks and castles? for I see none here."

"What has the Danube to do with it, then?" cried Mary, with some petulance. "I like to speak rationally. I like to know what I am talking of. I cannot leap about like this. There are no rocks nor castles for a long way. For my part, I do not care for them; but I like very well in summer to hear the water rushing along by the old walls. The river never makes one dreary; it is not like the sea."

"Did you ever see the sun set on the sea?" said Zaidée, whose imagination at the moment was suddenly emblazoned with all the stormy glories of the Cheshire sunset—a daily marvel such as Mary Cumberland knew not of.

"Oh yes, I have seen the sun set on the sea, and mamma said it was heavenly; and papa wondered whether we might not pierce down through the earth with a tube, and get to the antipodes before him" said Mary, with an uneasy ridicule and impatience. Do you know there is one thing in the world I should like above all other things, and I will never get it; I should like to have wise friends."

From this exclamation, uttered with a little haste and heat, Zaidée instinctively retreated. Zaidée had an intuitive perception that however true Mary's observations might be, she was the last person in the world who ought to

have made them. Poor Mary Cumberland! all the tenderest and fairest of human emotions, had been made suspicious things to her clear and homely understanding. No admiration at all was better than wordy raptures over everything; and Mary was disposed to defy and cherish a resentment against that Beauty at whose shrine her mother was a weak worshipper, and to hold Nature and Art, those oft-quoted potencies, as twin-supporters of a fictitious system, all false pretension and vanity. "Humbug," said Sylvester Burtonshaw, who was no great example of good sense, though on a different model from his aunt and uncle Cumberland; and the word was very much in his young cousin's thoughts. She sat at table like Mr. Burchell, and said "fudge!" the only concession that she made to her parents being that she said it within herself. Now Zaidée Vivian was quite unlearned in fudge and humbug. When Mary's eyes were sparkling, half with angry shame, and half with derision, Zaidée listened with involuntary respect; for Zaidée, who was almost destitute of the ordinary forms of politeness, had much of its essence at heart, and a great reverence for all whom she believed her superiors, a class which included her whole acquaintance over twenty years old. But it happened well that Zaidée's respectful listening, did not lead her to adopt Mrs. Cumberland's enthusiasms or Mr. Cumberland's philosophies. Not Mary Cumberland's unbelieving disrespect was more proof against conviction than her companion's attention, for Zaidée had a strange inalienable independence in that wild visionary mind of hers. Her thoughts were communicated to no one, but ran on in a perennial stream. She was quite invincible to rational argument, this poor child, and far less in danger of change than was Mary with her logical and reasonable understanding; for Zaidée Vivian reasoned only through her heart.

CHAP. XXIII.—EDUCATION.

"Now, Mary, my darling—it is what I have often longed for—you have a companion with you, and I shall have the great delight of instructing you myself. You are very intelligent, I know, my dear Mary. What do you think most necessary for a proper education?"

"I cannot tell, indeed, mamma. Everything, I suppose," said Mary, with her customary shrug.

"That is true! cried Mrs. Burtonshaw, shaking her head solemnly. "The masters we had, Maria Anna! But Mary knows so much already—more, I do believe, than I do now."

"She has had many advantages," said Mrs. Cumberland; "but, my dear Elizabeth, I must beg you not to interrupt the lesson. There is much truth in what you say, Mary;—Miss Francis, my love, what is your opinion?"

"I only can read—and write a little," said Zaidée, with great humility, shrinking from what was to follow.

"Very well, my dear children. Now I will

tell you what is my idea of the first thing needful to a proper education. It is to teach your young minds to *think*, my loves. Mary, What were you thinking of just now?"

Mary, though not much given to diffidence, blushed scarlet at this address, and hung her head. Her thought, if she had reported it, would not have been much to her own credit, or to the satisfaction of her mother.

"You cannot tell? Fie, child, how thoughtless," said Mrs. Cumberland. "And you, Miss Francis, what was in your mind?"

But Zaidée, too, faltered. There were so many things in her mind, she could not withdraw one separate fancy from the stream, and present it as an individual thought; for they were all fancies, and the number of them was infinite; these irregular battalions never marched in single file.

Mrs. Cumberland shook her head, and tapped them playfully over the fingers with the paper-knife she held in her hand. "Yet I daresay you both believed you were thinking, though neither of you can tell what it was," said their instructress. "Now, education enables you to think, and makes you masters of your thoughts. I will give you a subject. Here is a book upon the table—it is Macaulay's *History of England*. Let me know what you think of it, and of English History in general. Take ten minutes and form a just opinion, my dears."

Mrs. Cumberland looked at her watch with a complacent smile, and took up the book she had been reading, as she left her astonished pupils to their first exercise. They were all seated in the Salle, the general sitting-room of the family, at the comfortable English end of it, looking down upon the long avenue of grey matting, of marble tables and gilded chairs standing against the wall. February days are cold on the banks of the Danube; and once more there glowed a little furnace of intense red within the open door of the stove. Mrs. Cumberland in a dress fitting close to her thin figure, with her braids of hair smothered down upon her thin cheek, sat upon a sofa turned towards the light. Her sister, wrapt in a cosy shawl, with a cosy cap, enclosing her pleasant face in its frame of lace and ribbons, bloomed like a winter rose beside the frosty lily at her right hand. Mrs. Burtonshaw had her back to the light, and was painfully endeavoring to whisper some original suggestion on this great subject to help the cogitations of her niece. "My dear Elizabeth!" exclaimed Mrs. Cumberland. Mrs. Burtonshaw fell back upon her knitting like a culprit, and only tried to telegraph with her eyes. A solemn silence followed. One could see by the dancing fun in Mary Cumberland's eye that it was very near being disturbed by a burst of laughter; but prudence prevailed; and amid the deepest stillness, and with all the help which could be afforded to them by aunt Burtonshaw's telegraphing, Mrs. Cumberland's pupils pondered their theme.

Macaulay's *History of England*, and English history in general—the subject was a sufficiently great one, and deserved rather more

than ten minutes' consideration, and graver criticisms than girls of fifteen. The mind of Zaidée Vivian, to whom the fascinating volume on the table was unknown, was cast afloat in an instant upon the chronicle of Froissart in the Grange library, and upon the infallible records of one Shakespeare, an authority greater than history. Zaidée did not make much progress in thinking, though she tried conscientiously. These wayward fancies of hers carried her off to the courtly assembly before Harfleurs—to Faulconbridge sparring at Austria with his wicked wit—to poor, proud, frantie Constance, and the cruel councils of King John; and sent her away down the stream in the most unanimous impartiality, to take side with every unfortunate. Bolingbroke first, and then King Richard; poor old York, with his pretty Rutland; and saintly Henry, with his haughty queen. Zaidée's meditations would only have ended with the extent of her knowledge and recollection, had she been left to herself, when lo! there broke upon their maze the rustle of Mrs. Cumberland's sudden movement, and her sharp and high-pitched voice, as she consulted her watch once more, "Ten minutes—have you finished thinking, young ladies? Now, Mary, what have you to say?"

"Well, Macaulay's History is a very pleasant book to read, mamma," said Mary.

Mrs. Cumberland nodded her assent.

"And English history is"—But here Mary, whose voice had an unmistakable quaver of laughter in it, stopped short, and bit her lips to keep it down. "English history is—"

"A very great subject, Mary my darling," broke in poor Mrs. Burtonshaw, whose telegraphed and perfectly unintelligible communications had become every moment more vehement. Mrs. Burtonshaw was much alarmed, lest her favourite should come off second best.

"Elizabeth, I must have silence!" cried Mrs. Cumberland. "English history is—Mary, pray go on."

"English history is a very great subject, mamma, as aunt Burtonshaw says," said Mary, very demurely, and with a little courtesy, for Mary had risen with wicked formality to be examined.

"And that is the sum of your reflections on such a glorious theme!" cried Mrs. Cumberland, elevating her hands. "Well, the first duty of an instructress is patience. Sit down, and I do not wish you to rise when I question you; we will do better next time, I trust. Now, Miss Francis, tell me your thoughts on this subject my dear."

But Miss Francis, worse than Mary, could not answer at all. A flood of thoughts came pouring into Zaidée's mind: her brown cheek flushed, and her pulse beat high; but alas! they would not be brought to the bar, these rebellious imaginations; they would not stand up and answer to their names, and give due description of themselves. Zaidée faltered, looked up, and looked down, and could not tell what to say. At last, as her eye caught the book upon the table, she made shift to answer. "Indeed, I never read it;" and, shrinking

back with the humility of a penitent criminal, Zaidée waited to hear her ignorance condemned.

"Really I do not make a very promising beginning," said Mrs. Cumberland. "Never read it? Do you know nothing of history, then, my poor child? Is that what you mean to say?"

"Only Shakspeare and Froissart," said Zaidée slowly, hanging her head, and feeling herself a very culprit. Mrs. Cumberland brightened again.

"That is very well, my love," said this encouraging preceptress; "and I only want to hear your opinion of them to be quite satisfied with you."

But, alas! Zaidée could give no opinion—neither on the abstract question, nor the particular one. She only sat very still, in a state of overpowering self-reproach and humbleness. She could not comfort herself by reflecting how ridiculous mamma was, as Mary did. Zaidée could find nothing to complain of but herself. Whole ten minutes to think in, and not a morsel of thought to come out of it! She was not bold enough to look up to meet her questioner's eye.

"We will change the subject. I see it is too much for you, my dear children," said Mrs. Cumberland, "and the exercise is new and unusual. You were visiting the Cathedral yesterday—there is a delightful theme!—the Cathedral of Ulm, and architecture in general. Let me hear your thoughts upon these."

But Zaidée! Zaidée! The good lady never meant your wayward fancies to climb up and build nests for themselves like so many birds in the fretted niches of yonder noble tower. While Mary wonders vainly what style this Ulm Cathedral is of, and tries to recollect, but doubts if she ever heard its date and builders, Zaidée makes a bewildered flight from the little church at Briarford to the stately German Dom, and links together in a hasty procession all the other great buildings she is aware of having seen, from that pepperboxed and genteel erection, rich with the characteristic graces of the eighteenth century, where Mrs. Disbrowe and her household go to church every Sunday, to other foreign cathedrals of which the travellers had a hasty view on their journey here. Zaidée is in great haste, terrified lest the ten minutes should expire before she has reviewed her subject; but alas! when the ten minutes have expired, it appears again only too evident that Zaidée's troublesome ideas will not march in rank and file.

Undiscouraged by her failure, Mrs. Cumberland perseveres, proposing subject after subject as various and diverse as the topics of a popular course of lectures. But so far as to-day's experience goes, this system for encouraging thought is not a remarkably successful one, and Mrs. Cumberland dismisses her pupils, of whom the one is full of mirth and mischief, and the other greatly humiliated and self-condemning, with a long-drawn sigh. "Another time we will do better, let us hope," says this patient teacher; "you are sad thoughtless children; education has everything to do for you."

CHAPTER XXIV.—THEORIES.

"Learning lessons is quite a different thing. There is some sense in learning lessons," said Mary Cumberland; "but I can't go and tell everything I think to mamma. I don't believe mamma would understand me, if I did. I am quite sure I should never understand *her*. Let us have masters, aunt Burtonshaw, as you say. I always did my tasks, and was ready for them; but I can't help thinking in my own way. I can't think in anybody else's. Ask Lizzy here if she is not just like me."

"But dear, dear, what will Maria Anna say?" cried poor Mrs. Burtonshaw. "She has set her heart on it, Mary. She will blame me for it all. There now—there's a darling—I am sure you will try again."

"If Maria Anna would pay less attention to that child's mind, and more to her diet, she would do better service," said Mr. Cumberland, who had just come in. "But between you and me, Elizabeth, your sister is extremely fanciful. Her own whims are all the rule she has, you see; nothing like fixed principles. Her standard changes every week or two. I am not saying anything against Mrs. Cumberland, who is a superior woman; but she wants repose, sister Burtonshaw. She is a great deal too fidgety for the comfort of the house."

While this speech was being delivered, Mr. Cumberland was leisurely perambulating the apartment, with one hand behind him, and with the other eagerly picking up and examining every scrap of written or printed paper which came in his way. Mr. Cumberland's sharp eyes travelled before him, scanning everything with a curiosity for which no detail was too minute. He went on talking as he surveyed the side-tables, which were burdened with lumber enough to give his inquiring mind full scope.

"What do you think of the Fourierists, sister Burtonshaw? An absurd prejudice has swamped poor Robert Owen in our country. But I am a candid man; I cannot shut my eyes to the fact that communism is the true state of civilization. Do you know I have a great mind to shut up this paltry old house, and be done with the trials of private housekeeping, and join myself to some company of social brethren. The happiest way!—not a doubt of it. Though, of course Maria Anna will grumble at the blessed equality which characterizes such settlements. One of the South Sea Islands, for example—if such a paradise should be in the market—with a heavenly climate, and fertile soil, and a refined community. Why should I be such a fool as to keep my house here, with a pack of servants to look after, and appearances to keep up, and all the rest of it, when a free mind, and a life according to the rules of Nature, would make another man of me?"

"Nature must be hard to lay hold of," said Mrs. Burtonshaw, roused to a momentary asperity.

"Ay, sister Burtonshaw?—why so?" cried the philosopher, frowning round upon her.

"Because you have been hunting her since

ever I knew you," exclaimed the incensed lady, with a little outburst. "You sold Whimsleigh which ought to have been Mary's, poor dear, for Nature; you came here for Nature; you lived on *sauer-kraut* and radishes for Nature; and now you have to seek her at the end of the world, among a crew of pagan socialists! What's Nature, I should like to know? Does she teach people how to conduct themselves—to think on their responsibilities—and mind their children? I had rather know my duty than Nature, if you consulted me."

"What, angry, Elizabeth?" said her brother-in-law, with a little crowing laugh. "Angry, my good sister! Throw it off; it is only a passion fit for the ignorant. Yes, I must follow Nature; it is my mission. What another man may pass by, I feel it my duty to go into. People leave great truths to develop themselves in these days; but I pride myself in being on the alert to perceive them wherever they can be discovered. The true life principle is the grand object of search in all ages. Women are always bustling about small matters—it is quite right—it is their nature; but we will make a revolution in all your little fashions, sister Elizabeth. Yes, yes, though one should go to the South Seas for it, there is nothing like Nature; and, I thank heaven, you are quite right; I have pursued her all my life."

So saying, Mr. Cumberland sat down, and drew a thick French pamphlet from his pocket, while his daughter, in great excitement, hurried Zaidée away. Mary Cumberland, whose youth asserted itself strongly enough when there was opportunity, was not unfrequently startled into the language and the decision of a full-grown woman. "If any other man had said it, one might have hoped it was too ridiculous," said Mary, with the varying complexion of strong alarm and excited feeling; "but papa is fit to do anything. I tell you I will not go! I will have nothing to do with his fool's paradise—I will not! I will rather go and starve at home."

"Starve?—they will not give you leave," said Zaidée. "No one can die except God does it for them. Is it far away? for I would rather go there than go home."

"Yes, they would have me sacrifice all my life," said Mary bitterly, without noticing Zaidée's interruption. "They would shut me out from everything that others have. I should have only theories to live upon, if they had their will. You need not look at me so. Perhaps I am not amiable. I never pretended to be amiable, or superior, or intellectual, or any of these fine things. I am only one of the common people. I am content to live as everybody else lives. Well, never mind, there is always aunt Burtonshaw; and I never will go away. Come and talk to my old Jane."

They went up stairs together silently to Mary's room, which was one of another long suite of apartments, with folding doors closed and barricaded, and looking very white and chill in its great extent of wall. Mary looked round upon it with discontent. "I might have had a cosy little room at home instead of this.

What was yours like?" said Mary; "but I am sure I cannot say I have ever lived at home. We have been moving about all my life."

"Mine was"—(Zaidee saw the place in all its quaint and quiet solitude as she spoke)—"small and high, like the little room I have here; but there were dark, bright pannels on the walls, and an old oak chair and old pictures in the window. A cross was one—I think of it every day," said Zaidee, with a sigh; "and the winds were rushing at it all day long—there are no winds now like what there are at home—and sighing and shouting about the house all night. When the wind is high here it is like a friend to me; I always try to listen if I know the voice, and wonder—though it is so foolish—if it has been there—at home."

"They are like that in my country," said a little old woman, approaching to them hastily. From the thin locks gathered under her white muslin cap, to the well shod feet appearing under her dress, this little woman, with her round ruddy face like a russet apple, her small, sparkling, black eyes, her little air of self-consequence, was Welsh all over. Good-humored yet pragmatical, quick to take offence and endowed with a great deal of innocent self-complacency; not one of Mr. Cumberland's miscellaneous crowd of servants was half so thrifty or so comfortable as this little personage; a standing memorial of Mr. Cumberland's rustication in Wales, whence Jane had followed the family. Jane, who insisted on being called Mrs. Williams down stairs, and who was accordingly addressed by that dignified title in about as many different pronunciations as there were servants in the house, was Mary Cumberland's special attendant. Mary was too much talked at down stairs to appreciate poor Jane's simple stories, her overflowing store of moral reflections, and accumulation of good advice; but even Mary discerned enough of the old woman's character to permit her the privileges of a servant of the old school.

"They are like that in my country—you come from Wales for sure" said Jane. "Them is the winds for light hearts, you take my word for it, and cheeks like roses. Where I come from was under Moylvama, and she is only small to them great mountains as is in South Wales. And to speak of rivers! for certain sure, I could wade this one—and you see me—you young ladies is taller—sooner than a great big man, the biggest of all the Joneses, could cross them that comes down all in a haste and flurry, with the foam flying, from the hills. You, Miss Mary, I won't have you laugh then—you was a small chilt—you could never tell my beautiful Wales from another place. Miss-chilt—you other one—what people do you know in Wales!"

"Mr. Powis came from there. I never knew any other," said Zaidee.

"Mr. Powis! Was it my beautiful, darling, lad, that was old Sir Watkin's boy?" cried Jane, drawing closer. "I'm a small, old woman now, and mind, Miss Mary, but I'd have you to know I was Sir Watkin Powis's first dairy-woman, and a great lady in my young

days. We've been decent peoples; we've not never taken service with the common. My father was body servant to a great squire over the Dee, and my sister was no less than in my lady's chamber at the grand house in Powisland. Yes sure the Williamses is known, though I be come to a foreign part, and have Miss Mary to mind in my old days."

"You are not very complimentary to Miss Mary, Jane," said Mary Cumberland.

"A good chilt" said Jane, nodding her head, "and gives little trouble; but not like them little laaties at Powisland, that were grand-mannered like angels. For certain sure I'd serve lords and laaties sooner than the common; but meaning no harm here. Many's the pretty story I could tell you of old Sir Watkin, and let you see his picture; yes, indeed, and papers I've got that belonged to the family from the time of Noah—they that they had before that was spoilt with the water. You will laugh then, you wicked chilt? But I could show you—well never mind. The Powises is as old as Wales; and will you just tell me what part of the worlt the Almighty was done with first of all? Them that is scholars in my country would be sure to know."

"But I am not a scholar, Jane; indeed, I could not tell you" said Mary.

"Yes indeed" said the old woman, nodding her head once more complacently; "Wales wasn't the last, you take my word for it. I know a vale lies at the foot of them low hills as you go to the sea; there is a river on every side, and the beautifullest flowers in the world and all kinds of beautiful fruit grows there. Husht then, and whisper you children, all the clergy in the world wouldn't hinder me, but I know what that place is?"

"And what is it?" asked Zaidee eagerly.

"It's Eden, chilt. Yes sure it's the garden," said Jane with solemnity. "No one had need say it wasn't to me; and I know not the hard heart wouldn't pity Adam, driven out to England among the savages; for you was all savages, and not a decent thing to put on. All the fights that was fought, and all the grand castles, that was taken, who was it, then, but the Powises? I could tell you—yes, sure—loads of tales."

CHAPTER XXV.—A NEW LIFE.

After this introduction, it is not difficult to imagine how Zaidee, with her warm imagination and facility of belief, sought the society of Jane, Zaidee's perceptions were sadly obtuse in respect to the ranks and degrees of ordinary life. She felt it no condescension to seek out Miss Mary's Welsh attendant, as she had found it no derogation when she was left to the society of Mrs. Disbrowe's Irish nurse. The girl lived so much in an atmosphere of her own, that the manners of others were harm less to her, whether it might be the over-fine manners of Mrs. Cumberland, or those of Mrs. Cumberland's servant, which were not fine in any respect. Zaidee was not uninterested in any member of this household. Her mind was so fresh and open, that even Mr. Cumberland's

philosophies broke new ground to its undoubted simplicity. Her thoughts, unseptical and unenlightened, entered into everything. What was "fudge" to Mary's indignant experience, was often a new idea to the ignorant faith of Zaidee. She believed in Mrs. Cumberland's endeavors to make them think, unsuccessful though these endeavors were; she believed in Mr. Cumberland's attempts at the conversion of the world by vegetable diet; she found a charm and interest in all she heard, because she trusted without hesitation that all was true. Her mind was large enough to receive floating visions of those old fabulous Powises, and of the equally fabulous new paradise in the South Seas, and in her visionary way to speculate on both. Zaidee's great grief at this time was, that she could not think to Mrs. Cumberland's dictation. Her great amusement was listening to the stories of old Jane Williams; and her favorite occupation was still the sewing which was always to be found in Mrs. Burtonshaw's room. For Zaidee who besides this apparent world, had a world in secret which no one shared with her. There was no employment so consolatory as this feminine occupation, which gave her an excuse for silence and full scope for thought. Mary Cumberland did not understand it. Mary had accomplishments to keep up and an indefinite quantity of "practising" to do. She was determined not to look like a savage if she ever should attain to "society" and England again, and had no mind to educate herself for the South Seas. So Mary was of a hundred different opinions respecting her new companion. At times she envied, at times she laughed at, at no time did she understand her; but liking grew strong between these two girls: they went upon the ways which were so different with a growing regard for each other. Mrs. Burtonshaw was delighted with her success. She, good woman, who never looked beneath the surface, was not puzzled by Zaidee. She understood the poor child perfectly, said Mrs. Burtonshaw. Miss Francis was shy, and did not talk much; it was quite natural, and she liked plain sewing. Pity that young ladies in general were not of her opinion. But there was nothing *outré*, or odd, or unusual about Miss Francis; she was no more "interesting" than another; she never pretended to have a history; she was only a good, quiet, thoughtful little girl.

"There is deep enthusiasm in those eyes," said Mrs. Cumberland. "Credit me, I know woman's heart. Dear child, if she has not a history now, she will soon have one. I tremble for what she may have to suffer. She will love, and she will grieve; but she shall have my care and sympathy, Elizabeth—all that I can do for her, poor little predestined martyr. I can see her fate."

"Her fate, Anna Maria? Why should the poor girl have a fate?—and why do you not think of your own dear child?" cried Mrs. Burtonshaw. If there was any distinction in having a fate, Mrs. Burtonshaw did not see why it should be withheld from Mary. Miss

Francis was very well; but it was rather too much to exalt her at the cost of one's own child.

"Ah, Elizabeth, I know woman's heart!" said Mrs. Cumberland, mysteriously. And if all the pretenders to this occult knowledge are as learned in it as Mrs. Cumberland is in the thoughts of these two children, the science will not make much progress in our day. Woman's heart was liable to but one disease, according to the interpretation of Mrs. Cumberland and her kindred philosophers; and that was the malady vulgarly called love;—a malady from which Mary and Zaidee were equally far apart.

"I observe she has an open mind," said Mr. Cumberland, talking in his usual way, as he poked about the side-tables with his curious eyes. "She listens, that child; she does not only hear. A very useful member of a community, I'll warrant, if all you say of her is true, sister Burtonshaw—and a quiet little thing into the bargain. Your daughter is whimsical, Maria Anna; what right has she to have opinions? Make a woman a speculator, and she veers about to every wind. Why can't Mary listen and be quiet, like this little girl?"

"She's not pretty; I don't know what's the good of her," said Sylvester Burtonshaw. This young gentleman's opinion was the only unfavorable one. These fanciful people were not unkind in any particular. Their household was something of an extravagant household, every one doing what was good in his own eyes; and if the scene had been London, you could well have understood why Mr. Cumberland, awe-stricken at sight of his banker's book, sighed for the South Seas. But "nobody" lived at Ulm; the English tourists were few and unfrequent; and there was no artificial heightening of prices. The waste was cheap that was done here on the banks of the Danube; and society did not require much from the odd English people who visited no one. They lived in a very liberal fashion, and fed not a few from the crumbs of their abundant table; and even if Mrs. Cumberland had not been far above such miserable details, the addition of one little individual like Zaidee, was quite unfelt in the great house. They received her very readily into the heart of the family, such as it was; and Mary's companion shared every thing with Mary, even the gifts of aunt Burtonshaw. In a very little time she was fairly naturalized as a member of the household. Even in Mr. Cumberland's plans Zaidee had a place; and except the one dread of returning to England, which Mary was so anxious for, fear departed out of our young pilgrim's heart. She wandered about those quaint German streets; she sat awed and unresponsive in the choir of that great solemn cathedral, while Mary went lightly over the stalls, commenting on the wonderful carving, which was one of the details which Zaidee did not notice; or watched the sunshine streaming into the empty air, through the grand painted windows, while her companion ran over the "wohlgebohrens" on the tombstones in that little chapel in the wall. More and more

Zaidee marvelled if this stately place had ever been built, which looked so perfect, tinged all over with its down of moss; and more and more Mary wondered and smiled at Zaidée, and asked what she could mean. They were close friends; and Mary poured into her companion's ear all her girlish positive opinions, her purposes and hopes; while Zaidée responded with hints of her own story, which any one who had the clue, might easily have put together. But Mary had no clue, and like most others who, born to few cares, are fully disposed to make the most of what they have, she was occupied by her own affairs too much to give a very nice attention to her companion's. Simple Zaidée betrayed herself many a time. Mary, not less simple, wist not of the self-betrayal, and was none the wiser. They lived in great cordiality, a true pair of girlish friends; and Zaidée had almost forgotten now those bitter weeks and days which changed her life from that of the youngest child at home, to the poor solitary governess at Mrs. Disbrow's. She read that loving address to herself in the great newspaper every night; she prayed for them lovingly, name by name, when she had read her chapter, after the fashion of her devout child's training, in her father's bible; she thought of them all day long, and every day; but her heart was lightened out of its first agony. She no longer recollected aunt Vivian's first outburst of dismay, or Phillip's pale courageousness as he told his discovery, when she woke in her little foreign chamber. Sometimes it was Mary, sometimes a good thought of last night's chapter, sometimes an anticipation of to-day's employments, which woke Zaidée in the morning; and her days were full of pleasant occupation till the night brought rest once more.

Then there was a world of legends in the little closet which Mrs. Williams called her room; and Zaidée became a living chronicle of the somewhat faded glories of the antediluvian house of Powis. By dint of sympathy, Mary too came to listen to these stories—began to see a little difference between true romance and counterfeit—and to find out dimly that all poetry was not rubbish, nor all sentiment fudge. "Aunt Burtonshaw is always right—I wanted a companion—I had no one to tell me it was only mamma," said Mary to herself. But it was consolatory to find out now that "only mamma," and not all the minstrels and sweet singers of all ages were in the wrong.

CHAPTER XXVI.—JANE.

"Well, child, you see, if this was Sir Watkin's boy, he was a beautiful lad,—and his name was a great grand name, but not like the names we have in Wales. The sweet Welsh, I never forget it; but you never know what them English ladies do call their boys. He was son to a pretty lady. She was come from the south, and married to Rhys Llewellyn, Sir Watkin's youngest boy. So, when Rhys died, and the lady died, the small child came home to Powisland, and there he was bred, and my

very eyes did see him grow. My sister was called Mary, and she was in favor with my lady. Mary's the thing Mary did see of the family. We've all been in trust where we've been in service. I never did tell you of my father. He went out of Wales. Yes, sure. Oh, it's an evil day when one of us goes out of Wales! But he had such great money, he was persuaded. I saw the gentleman when I was a little child. He was a great squire, and had great riches, and was mad in his temper, and six foot tall, and great lands to the very sea. My father did live in terror for him. He was a great man—he minded nobody; and even Williams was of the thought the devil did have him—and red fire was in his eye. When my father did talk of him, the little children was scared, and durst not stay alone; and himself, once he was frightened with a waterfall, and came home like death, and said the old squire had called to him in the stream. You children, will you hush, then? Does bad men ever come up in this world again, to scare us? No, sure; God Almighty takes thought for that."

"And what was the old squire called?" said Zaidée. The girl was trembling with sudden interest. Every old squire could not be Grandfather Vivian; but it was his character as well as his designation.

"Called? He was out of Wales, child. Your names is not like our names. It was a hard name to say. I cannot think of it now. Ah, it is a good place where all is Williamses and Joneses, and the gentry is old blood, and so is the commons, and all are of one. Then there's kind servants and kind masters; and the one does well for the other, and both's friends. It is a cold country where every one has a different name—yes, indeed. And how can I tell what the old squire was called? But he died. The Almighty takes thought, and Satan gets his own. Hush, children. When he's got their poor souls, and carried them down below there, maybe Satan has a poor bargain. I tell you my thought; he did have his hands full with that old squire, you take my word. My father was a big man, though I be small. He was Evan Williams by name, and well thought of in his own country; but the squire frightened him for all. No, child, I forget his name. It was a name, was reckoned a good name in Cheshire, and as old as they do be in England. I have it somewhere. You come to me in my room one day, and you shall see my papers. If a scholar was to look over them, they'd bring me riches, I do believe. My father had some, my brother had some, and our Mary; for old Sir Watkin died, and there was a scatter at Powisland, and every one took what useless thing was lying. I have a housewife, Miss Mary, all violet and gold, was made by my lady's hand. Yes, sure; the grand old ladies they never did scorn to thread a needle. They had the use in their fingers, Miss Mary—yes, sure."

"You forget I made a cap for you. I think you are not at all grateful, Jane," said Mary Cumberland.

"You listen to me, child; 'twas for your

own fancy," said Jane, nodding her head. "When you was gone, I had to do another. That wasn't never made for Jane, that wasn't. Well, child, what was you saying? The papers? I'll show them to you another time. Look you here. There's all them collars and laces; they've got to be mended, and it's Jane, Jane,—there isn't ever another; and down stairs it be nothing but calling of Mrs. Williams, as if I was a fairy. Now, can I go troubling among dust and papers, and all that to do?"

"I am afraid I could not do it," said Zaidee, looking wistfully at this more delicate branch of occupation. "Will you let me try, and I will take care of them? Will you let me see the papers, Jane?"

"The papers is nothing to you, child," said the old woman. "Will I put my laces in your hands? No, sure—and what would the lady say if Jane was to fail her! There is not one else in the house to be trusted—not another. Go to your plays and your books, you children—that is all you be fit for; and come to me another day, when I do have time. Yes, indeed, you be Solomon's lilies; you do neither toil nor spin. But my wish is toward my duty, like as it always is in Wales."

The pragmatical old woman turned short round upon them and carried off her laces. As she left the girls, Mary Cumberland laughed at her withdrawal, but Zaidee only grew paler. A slight nervous tremor came upon the young exile. Her mind was quite possessed with the idea that here again was this dreadful Grandfather Vivian interposing to bring ill fortune; and Zaidee, whose life had been shipwrecked by one document of his, had the most overpowering anxiety to get possession of any other scrap of his ill-omened writing, and destroy it at once. True, it did not seem very apparent what harm could be done now by any such discovery; but Zaidee's mind was not much given to logic, and she was full of an unconscious and visionary superstition. The old squire was the evil genius of the family, and the thoughts of his descendant ran off into mysterious marvelings. What if this wandering evil spirit himself directed her where to find these unrepented wrongs of his, and made her the instrument of mischief again and yet again! Poor Zaidee shook and trembled, and her brown cheeks paled into that chill dark pallor to which any great pang brought them. She, poor innocent child, whose humble love would fain have served her family night and day, could it be possible that this satanic influence was upon her movements, and that, all unwittingly and against her will, she was the agent of a cruel spiritual persecution—a warfare waged against the living by the unblest dead? She did not hear the wondering call of Mary Cumberland—she did not see the astonished face of Mrs. Burtonshaw, against whom she stumbled in the passage; she fled hurriedly to her own little room, and threw herself on her knees by the bedside. She, who had no other friend nor counsellor, had the use of bringing all her complaints and trouble direct to the Heavenly Fa-

ther. In her fright, with her heart beating loud, this simple child lost no time in thinking of it, but came in haste to make her outcry of fear and horror to the compassionate ear of God. Becoming reassured and comforted, she rose from her knees again, not delivered from her terror, but full of a great hope and persuasion, which took away its pain. "You evil spirit!" said Zaidee, with a glow in her eyes, "perhaps you see what I do, but you cannot know my heart. God will not let you harm them any more. If I find any of your cruel papers, I will destroy them; you shall not have power over me."

What was that that sounded round the old German House? Only the spring breeze, stirring the branches faintly, shaking the February rain-drops from the budded leaves. To the excited ear of Zaidee it sounded like a moan; and Zaidee could not help trembling as she left her little room once more.

Mary, who is "practising" down stairs, looks up as she enters. Aunt Burtonshaw, who has great patience with the practising, and thinks all Mary's music harmonious, comes and takes into her own, Zaidee's cold hands. "What is the matter, dear?" asks kind Mrs. Burtonshaw. "You are quite pale, and your hand trembles. So cold too! Come beside the stove, my love. One can't say, come near the fire in this country. There, Sylvo, get up, you great fellow, and let this poor dear warm her fingers. She has caught cold, poor child. Sit down till I get something nice for you; and you shall have a warm drink, and go to bed." "I am not ill," said Zaidee. "I was only thinking; there is nothing the matter with me."

"Why are you so pale then? Nonsense, child, I know better," said Mrs. Burtonshaw. "Girls like you have nothing to think of that can make you pale. Your head aches I am sure. Mary, my love, close the piano; Sylvo, put the screen here to keep off the cold wind. There are always draughts with these folding doors; there is no such thing as comfort in this country. The footstool, Sylvo. Mary, bring me that shawl. Now my dear are you comfortable? And I will go and see about some nice gruel. She looks quite ill, poor child."

And Mrs. Burtonshaw, who is now in her vocation, steals away in noiseless slippers, and closes the door with the most elaborate caution. Zaidee, obliged to be a patient against her will, sits with resignation in the easy chair, her feet on a footstool, a shawl wrapped around her, a little table at her elbow to prevent her rising, and a large folding screen to shut out all draughts behind. Sylvo has taken his lazy length away; Mary sits by the patient's side, half sympathetic, half cognizant of the true state of affairs, and wickedly abetting aunt Burtonshaw. To be nursed by the kindest hands in the world, even for a fictitious illness is no great misfortune after all; and Zaidee almost forgets the dread of Grandfather Vivian, which caused her trembling. She is better already, Mrs. Burtonshaw says when she returns with the gruel. See how good it is to take illness in time.

From Household Words.

Of the beauty, the brilliancy of the electric light there is no question. It converts midnight into noonday. Although burning from points not larger than the little finger, it is distinctly visible at a distance of four miles at an ordinary elevation. And so pure and intensely white is it, that all other flames near it assume a red tinge from the contrast. We saw this extraordinary light burning not long ago on a bright sunny noon, and the bright rays of the sun which came streaming into the room, appeared to have no effect upon it; it shone on as brilliantly as though it were twilight. A candle was lighted near it, and it was with difficulty that the tallow flame could be distinguished. On holding a burning taper between the electric light and the wall a deep black shadow was cast on it from the sickly flame of the taper, so completely was its illuminating power annihilated.

Electric light is produced by the juxtaposition of two points of carbon in the shape of pencils, through which are transmitted streams of positive and negative electricity. It had been found that during the powerful combustion of the carbon points they wore away, or consumed at an irregular rate; and hence the distance between them became greater or less at certain intervals, destroying thereby the equality of the light, which became more or less intense as the carbon points approached or receded from each other. To ensure a proper condition of the light a regular distance was essential: if the points became too widely separated the flame expired; if they were forced too near it deadened to a heavy dull glow. Mechanical contrivances of some ingenuity were tried to obviate this difficulty, but without avail, and it was not until Dr. Watson devised the beautiful method now employed, by which the points of carbon are made self-regulating, that a continuous and steady light was obtained.

The electric light although triumphant as an illuminator, was, at first, too costly in its consumption of the raw materials of electricity to make it available for ordinary purposes. It may have been likened to some beautiful animal, which was found to consume far more food than it was worth. The electric animal swallowed too much iron, zinc, copper, acids, and salts, to pay for its work: it was not content with eating away its carbon points, but, like many a noble steed, "ate its head off."

Many plans were devised for cheapening the production of electricity, and this was partially compassed by the employment of cheaper metals in combination with the normal acids. The cheapest metals were found to be iron, lead, and zinc, but still the consumption of these with the chemicals employed outstripped the value of the electricity, and something more had to be achieved. For the purposes of an electric light it had been for some time ascertained that con-

stancy and intensity in the battery employed were essentials: in other words, unless the stream of electricity was both regular and powerful, no effect would be produced. A battery of cast-iron and zinc arranged in such a way that the former is separated from the latter by a porous diaphragm of potter's biscuit-ware, the iron being excited by a mixture of saltpetre and sulphuric acid diluted by water, or by dilute nitrous acid and the zinc acted on by dilute sulphuric acid, affords great intensity. This is known as the Maynooth battery.

The products of such a battery as the above are, in addition to the electricity which is turned to account, several salts which have hitherto been thrown aside as valueless. These were the articles known to chemists as nitrate and sulphate of iron and sulphate of zinc, the latter being the white vitriol of commerce. The actual value of any of these salts is so trifling, and the demand for them so limited, that the residuary liquor of the Maynooth battery containing them may, for all practical purposes, be called worthless. It was evident that if this waste solution of the metals and acids could be turned to profitable account, the cost of the electricity would be proportionately reduced. To this object, therefore, Dr. Watson directed all his energies.

The result of countless delicate and painstaking experiments has been the conversion of the hitherto refuse liquor of the Maynooth battery into articles of considerable commercial value. It was known that certain salts of iron and lead—that is to say, combinations of acids with those metals—precipitated in the form of salts, when mixed with certain chemicals, produced a number of beautiful pigments of great delicacy and purity. This was seized on as a means of employing to a profit the waste liquor of the battery, and the result showed that the plan of producing light and color from the same elementary bodies was perfectly practicable. In this way the cast-iron and zinc apparatus of Maynooth was converted into a chromatic battery.

This process is as simple as it is beautiful. In the iron and zinc battery, nitric and sulphuric acids are employed in a diluted form, the ordinary resulting waste of which are solutions of nitrate of iron and sulphate of zinc. Instead of these residuary liquors being thrown aside as undeserving of care, they are removed separately from the chromatic battery, and, having been brought to a certain heat by means of steam, are blended with a solution of prussiate of potash, which, with the iron liquor, throws down a splendid blue pigment—Prussian blue, in fact, of great purity—whilst with the zinc liquor it precipitates a fine ultramarine blue.

After some agitation the coloring matter is allowed to subside, the clear liquor is drawn off, and finally the heavy deposition of blue is removed from the bottom of the vats and placed

on cloth stretchers, where on the moisture is allowed to drain from it. Subsequent pressure and a final gradual drying in carefully heated chambers completes the process, and the result is a pigment suitable for employment in the fine arts, for house decoration or paper-coloring. It is difficult to conceive a deeper or more ethereal blue than the rich yet delicate ultramarine of the chromatic battery. Equally gorgeous are the electric reds produced by boiling the zinc yellow with lime in varying proportions, according to the depth of color required. By a combination of these zinc yellows with the iron blues, a series of greens are produced of an infinity of shades, and which have the property of standing high temperatures without injury.

Yellows of great delicacy, ranging from pale lemon to a bright orange yellow, are produced by treating the waste liquor of the lead and nitric acid compartments of the battery with chromate of potash, which is, in plainer language, a salt composed of potash and chromic acid.

If, instead of the chromate, prussiate of potash be added to the residuum of the lead and zinc battery, a delicate white pigment will be the result, possessing, with great body, the property of not blackening by exposure to sulphuretted hydrogen gas, protected as it appears to be by the zinc-salt in the compound. In like manner, the addition of chromate of potash, instead of the prussiate, to the residuum of the iron battery yields a brown pigment of considerable depth.

In stating that the market value of these new colors far exceeds the whole cost of the original elements of the electro-chromatic battery, we do so from no desire to take a mere commercial view of the process: such would be altogether beside our purpose; but we mention the fact with a view to show what is of great importance to society—that by covering the cost of all the materials employed in these batteries by the conversion of their hitherto waste products into electro-colors, the electricity developed during the process becomes a costless article—we have it gratis. Here, then, the great obstacle to the electric light is fairly overcome. That which before had been too costly in spite of its utility, for general purposes, becomes at once a cheap commodity.

During a fog, the ordinary red and green lights on railways are all but obscured, or if seen appear as of one color, and trains are left to the chance of fog-signals. Through the heaviest fog that ever swallowed the metropolis in its murky jaws, the electric light shines in all its wonted mid-day brilliancy, heedless of heavy atmosphere. Along our dangerous coasts, during winter months, how many ships are lost, how many lives are sacrificed, how many valuable cargoes destroyed from the want of a light sufficiently powerful to burst through the thick

midnight haze of storm, and warn the voyager of the hidden danger ere it be too late. Surely in these cases interest and humanity would prompt the availing of this new, and now cheap and simple light. It is worth while, too, to dwell upon the great simplicity of the electric lamp, which may be turned on and attended to by the most ordinary person; and inasmuch as the electric light signals proposed to be employed do not depend on color, but on shape for their signification, there can be no confusion during the most foggy weather. A simple straight line of electric light denotes that all is right; a semicircle of brilliant rays to the left or right of the signal-post indicates the side on which danger presents itself, whilst an entire circle of light warns an approaching train to stop altogether.

Amongst those purposes to which cheap electricity may be applied, is that of conveying semaphoric messages by night across the ocean, and thus avoiding the great cost of telegraph cables. Electric light is readily distinguishable for a distance of forty miles; and it is stated that, by a series of signal stations, many seas might be traversed by messages from one to the other, where islands or rocks offer connecting links.

As a cheap product for all purposes of electrotyping, it cannot but prove more acceptable, and not less so in one or two other branches of manufacture, which it may be interesting to mention. It was ascertained some time since, that if the poles of a powerful battery be applied to a mass of coal undergoing the process of coking in an ordinary coke oven, in proportion as the coal loses its bituminous character, and assumes the properties of coke, there is a greater facility afforded to the current of electricity for its passage, accompanied by a more rapid disengagement of the sulphur of the coal, and a greater and more effectual separation of the earthy and metallic impurities. Besides this, the coke thus produced, and, as it were electrolysed, is much more compact, and consumes more equally than the material employed by the ordinary method. The importance of obtaining a coke free from sulphur for metallic manufactures, and smelting processes is undeniable; equally desirable is it to obtain a large amount of carbon compressed within a small space for sea-going steamers. All these advantages have hitherto been forbidden by the costly nature of intense electricity; now that coke manufacturers can obtain their power at a trifling cost, the whole feature of their process will be changed.

Again, our supplies of sulphur are derived from Sicily, the government of which has recently forbidden the export of the article, which is consequently at an exorbitant price. We have no sulphur deposits in this country; but there exist large quantities of sulphur in close

combination with iron, under the form of iron pyrites, in many parts of England. It has been found practicable to decompose this article, and obtain its sulphur and iron separate by smelting it with the aid of intense electricity; here again, the cost of the electric agent was the barrier, and here also cheap electricity comes to the rescue, and will shortly place this country independent of Sicily.

To the wholesale assayer of metals a cheap supply of intense electricity will be an inestimable boon; for it creates not only an enormous saving of fuel, but the six operations at present involved in the ordinary process, may be reduced to one.

Cheap electricity will enable railway companies to electrolyse the tires of their engine and carriage wheels with a coating of steel, and thus avoid the great and incessant wear of the

biting surface of the wheels, which, especially with their engines, require constant repair.

The quantity of bleaching material employed in this country is something enormous, and would doubtless sound incredible in the ears of the reader. An economical bleaching agent may be obtained by the decomposition of common salt in a state of solution, by means of electricity.

Should electro-magnetic engines be brought into practical working, which many believe will be done, how great will be the advantage arising from a supply of almost costless electricity. The superiority of such machines for long sea voyages is at once apparent; and now that electricity for the million has been provided it would appear more than ever desirable to bring them into use.

AMERICAN SEWING MACHINES IN FRANCE.

The enterprise of the American people is illustrated by the rapidity with which American inventions are introduced and patented in the various countries of Europe, and made the means of opening for the inventor or proprietor a way to honor and fortune. It is said that at the present time no less than three patent American sewing machines are manufactured in France. The rights were sold at very high prices by the owners, and the manufacturers who purchased them are making large profits by their sales. It has been found very difficult to accustom the French workmen to the use of these machines, and a Parisian letter-writer says that it is curious to see with what wonder and astonishment they watch the machine in the hands of Miss Ames, a New York lady in the employ of the French Government, and who is celebrated for her dexterity with these instruments. This lady, who made at the war office, in the space of six hours, one hundred pairs of soldiers' pantaloons, and who has worked the machine in the presence of the Emperor at the Tuileries, is regarded by the French as a curiosity from the New World, and wherever the Government Agent, M. Dusartoy, carries her and her favorite machine, she is the centre of astonished crowds of officers and dignitaries, who make her presents without number. She receives a salary of seven hundred and fifty francs a month from the Government to superintend the manufacture of the machines employed in the Government service, to put them into operation, and to oversee the soldiers who are trying to work them.—*Boston Journal*.

SHARP PRACTICE.—The following instance of sharp practice is so extraordinary if true, that it is perhaps worthy of being preserved in "N. & Q." The extract is from the *London Chronicle*, Jan. 11—13, 1781:

"An attorney in Dublin, having dined by invitation with his client several days, pending a suit, charged 6s. 8d. for each attendance, which was allowed by the Master on taxing costs. In return for this, the client furnished the master-attorney with a bill for his eating and drinking; which the attorney refusing to pay, the client brought his action and recovered the amount of his charge. But he did not long exult in his victory; for, in a few days after, the attorney lodged an information against him before Commissioners of Excise, for retailing wine without a license; and not being able to controvert the fact, to avoid an increase of costs he submitted by advice of counsel to pay the penalty, a great part of which went to the attorney as informer."

—*Notes and Queries*.

THE BLOOD STONE OF NEW SPAIN.—

"They doo bring from the new Spain a stone of great virtue, called the Stone of the Blood. The Blood Stone is a kind of jasper of divers colors, somewhat dark, full of sprinkles like to blood, beeing of color red: of the which stones the Indians dooth make certeyne Hartes, both great and small. The use thereof both there and here is for all fluxe of blood, and of wounds. The stone must be wet in cold water, and the sick manne must take him in his right hand, and from time to time wet him in cold water. In this sort the Indians doe use them. And as touching the Indians they have it for certain, that touching the same stone in some part where the blood runneth, that it dooth restrain, and in this they have great trust, for that the effect hath been seen."—*A Booke of the Things that are brought from the West Indies. Newly compiled by DOCTOR MONARDUS of Seville, 1575, translated out of Spanish by JOHN FRAMPTON, 1580.*

PORTRAIT OF LUTHER, BY HEINE.—He was at once a mystic dreamer and a man of action. His thoughts had not only wings, they had hands likewise. He spoke, and, rare thing, he also acted; he was at once the tongue and the sword of his age. At the same time Luther was a cold scholastic, a chopper of words, and an exalted prophet drunk with the word of God. When he had passed painfully through the day, wearing out his soul in dogmatical discussions, night come, he would take his flute, and, contemplating the stars, melt in melodies and pious thoughts. The same man who could abuse his adversaries like a fish-fag knew also how to use soft and tender language, like an amorous virgin. He was sometimes savage and impetuous as the hurricane that roots up oaks, then gentle and murmuring like the zephyr that lightly caresses the violets. He was full of the holy fear of God, ready for every sacrifice in honor of the Holy Spirit; he knew how to vault into the purest regions of the celestial kingdom; and yet he perfectly knew the magnificence of this earth, he could appreciate it, and from his mouth fell the famous proverb—

Wer nicht liebt Wein, Weiber, und Gesang,
Der bleibt ein Narr sein Lebenlang.

Who loves not woman, wine, and song,
Remains a fool his whole life long.

In short, he was a complete man. To call him a spiritualist would be to commit as great a mistake as it would be to call him a sensualist. What shall I say more? He had something about him clever, original, miraculous, inconceivable.

HINDOO NOTIONS OF THE END OF THE WORLD.—Before the end of the world, we constantly believe, that the north, south, east and west seas, shall be all blended together, and make but one great sea; and that then all living creatures, the inferior gods themselves not excepted, shall cease to be distinct separate beings, by being swallowed up into the nature of the one only God, the primary cause of all things. And there will be immediately a new creation, the Supreme Being will create a set of new gods, and these new gods will form all sorts of mineral, vegetative and animated beings, much the same as they were before."—*Letters from the Heathens to the Danish Missionaries.*

RELIGION OF THE INDIANS OF MANOA.—The Indians of Manoa believe that the Creator of the World rises up from his rest from time to time to look at the earth, and learn the number of its inhabitants by the noise they make, and that his steps occasion earthquakes. Whenever, therefore, the earth quakes, they run out and reply, "Here we are! Here we are!" and this is their only act of religion.—**MERC. PER-
NANS.**

TONGA MYTHOLOGY.—Mr. Mariner relates a very curious piece of Tonga mythology, "giving," he says, "as nearly as possible a literal translation of the language in which they tell it." It is very curious, because the invention is manifestly so recent, and yet the fable is received.

"Tongaloa (the God who fished the earth out of the sea) being willing that Tonga should be inhabited by intelligent beings, he commanded his two sons thus, 'Go and take with you your wives, and dwell in the world at Tonga; divide the land into two portions, and dwell separately from each other.' They departed accordingly. Now the name of the eldest was Tooboo, and the name of the youngest was Vacaacow-oolo, who was an exceeding wise young man, for it was he that first formed axes, and invented beads, and cloth, and looking glasses. The young man called Tooboo acted very differently, being very indolent, sauntering about, and sleeping, and envying very much the works of his brother. Tired at length with begging his goods, he bethought himself to kill him, but concealed his wicked intention. He accordingly met his brother walking, and struck him till he was dead. At that time their father came from Bolotoo with exceeding great anger, and asked him, 'Why have you killed your brother? could not you work like him? O thou wicked one, begone! Go with my commands to the family of Vacaacow-oolo, tell them to come hither.' Being accordingly come, Tongaloa straightway ordered them thus, 'Put your canoes to sea, and sail to the west, to the great land which is there, and take up your abode there. Be your skins white like your minds, for your minds are pure. You shall be wise, making axes and all riches whatsoever, and shall have large canoes. I will go myself, and command the wind to blow from your land to Tonga: but they (the Tonga people) shall not be able to go to you with their bad canoes.' Tongaloa then spake to the others. 'You shall be black because your minds are bad, and you shall be destitute. You shall not be wise in useful things, neither shall you go to the great land of your brothers: how can you go with your bad canoes? But your brothers shall come to Tonga and trade with you as they please.'"

INTERESTING TO WINE-BIBBERS.—A Cincinnati paper says more than two-thirds of all the Catawba wine sold in that city is made of water, sulphuric acid and honey, with a dash of the genuine Catawba wine to give it the proper flavor.

In the French Exhibition there will be exhibited no less than thirteen thousand pictures by French artists alone. Report gives to M. Ingres twenty-five specimens; to Horace Vernet forty; and to Theodore Gudin one hundred and fifty, including later productions and those already well known.